AN IMMIGRANT IN JAPAN

Inscribed by Author

The Immigrant, on behalf
of her friend, Mrs Frank W. Hamilton,
inscribes this book with
pleasure to one who
loves books and brings
an appreciative and appraising
mind to their reading.

Frank A. Luckett

Theodate Geoffrey,
Falmouth, Cape Cod. September 13, 1929

AN IMMIGRANT IN JAPAN

AMERICA DISTURBS BUDDHA'S MEDITATIONS

AN IMMIGRANT IN JAPAN

BY

THEODATE GEOFFREY

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CHAPTER I

I EMIGRATE TO JAPAN

THICK, warm, drizzling mist enveloped us. My cabin was stifling, so I rose to open the porthole. Out of the gray background, not twenty feet from the ship, suddenly materialized a sampan. Pale golden wood with a stitching of brown where the nails had been driven home; high prow; single great oar set at the stern for a rudder; and oblong sail of white striped with patches of Vandyke brown swung crosswise of the one spar. It was a ghost ship manned by three bronze fishermen whose bristling black hair was bound with blue kerchiefs twisted into coronets, while their raincoats, fashioned from long stalks of yellow straw, turned them into animated hayricks.

An instant, before the mist closed in curling wreaths around the picture, I saw them; but in that moment my mental concept of picturesque Japan was realized.

The next afternoon the Katori Maru tied up to

the wharf in Yokohama Harbor, and I began my career as an American Immigrant to Japan.

I did not travel out in the steerage, to be sure. However, as I was neither a diplomat, missionary, nor tourist, but an individual who intended to take up a residence in Japan, immigrant was my status, according to the dictionary. My husband had been engaged in business in Japan for a year already, and my neatly bound green passport from Washington stated that I was 'en route to join my husband, accompanied by my two minor children.' The whole affair was precisely like Tony Spaghetti coming to America, setting up a little business and sending back to the old country for his wife and family.

A likeness of myself, taken in a studio reeking with blue lights which specialized in passport pictures delivered in an hour, adorned my passport. That photograph would have convinced any one that I was a poignantly mournful-visaged mulatto, but it bore across it the official stamp of the United States asserting it to be a picture of me, and the Japanese immigration authorities tacitly insulted me by accepting it as a faithful likeness.

After the port doctor, from a fleeting view snatched as I filed past with other passengers, certified that he found no evidences of trachoma, leprosy, or

measles on my physiognomy, my passport was visaed and I was free to land.

At Seattle I had spent over an hour in a draughty shed while the American customs officials poked through my trunks, so I expected an even longer session in Yokohama. It was during the War; consequently the American official had been much upset over finding some Braille leaflets in the baggage of my party. Apparently he had never heard of work for blinded soldiers, for he seemed to think the mysteriously dotted papers a sinister code, and their owner some sort of Boche spy.

Accordingly, it now occurred to me that, since I knew no Japanese, I was in for a bad time explaining Braille to the Yokohama authorities. I began to wish that I had had the forethought to throw the fatal papers overboard before reaching Yokohama. Just as I was wondering if it were too late to dispose of them now, a portly Japanese, in blue uniform lavishly braided with gold, came to my cabin, calling my name.

'Police!' I thought wildly. 'Here's where I get arrested!'

'I am Martin, the porter of the Grand Hotel,' the functionary announced in perfect English. 'Your husband sent me to get the keys to your trunks so that I can put them through the customs.'

It seemed absurdly trusting to hand over to a strange man the keys of twenty-three pieces of luggage with all my worldly goods contained therein; but Martin had a compelling eye, a hypnotizing eye, an eye that spoke more eloquently even than his suave lips. I found myself obediently passing to him my bunch of keys and a five-yen note which his eye had indicated as a suitable wrapper for the keys.

Martin disappeared with a persuasive smile which seemed to linger in the cabin after him. I marshaled my 'minor children,' tipped the smiling stewards lined up in the passage, walked to the gangway, and took my first step on Japanese soil.

A most disappointing experience, but purely my own fault, of course. I had built up in my mind a composite picture of Columbus falling gracefully to his knees under the folds of a huge banner (garnered from the Third Reader of my school days) with welcoming ranks of dainty maidens in bright kimono and a snow-covered Fuji as a backdrop.

The reality was a long wharf, practically the same as the one I had left in Seattle, slippery from the fine rain, dull-hued with low-hanging clouds which concealed Fuji entirely. The few men on the wharf wore tailor-made business suits; the majority were Europeans, and the only bit of color was a long line of waiting rikishas.

My husband had a motor car waiting, but I begged to ride in a rikisha; I had not traveled across the Pacific for the sake of a ride in an American motor car. Seeing my gesture toward them, three coolies trotted up pulling their two-wheeled, hooded vehicles, and in an instant we were securely fastened inside. Later I learned to enjoy rikishas, but that first ride was no pleasure. On account of the rain, the black hood was pulled far over the seat and an apron of oilcloth buttoned across the front, so that I was entirely extinguished in a dark, airless, viewless coop.

Down the long wharf the coolies trotted, the rikishas bumping over uneven planks, to halt at the gate where the aprons were unbuttoned to allow another set of officials to search for tobacco. The weed is a Government monopoly in Japan, private importing forbidden. I learned that the duty is so high that a package of cigarettes worth fifteen cents in America costs sixty-five in Japan. Naturally, there is a powerful temptation for petty smuggling, such as buying a couple of packages at the bar of an American steamer while meeting or seeing off friends, so every one leaving the wharf is examined at the tiny office by the gate.

I heard my husband direct the coolies to go up the Bund, so after the inspection, I insisted that the apron on my rikisha be left down. I felt that I could

put up with the rain for the sake of seeing a Bund. The colorful, Oriental sound of the word 'Bund' had always fascinated my imagination.

The Bund at Yokohama was not worth a wetting to see. It was merely a wide, unpaved street with stone seawall on the left, confining the waters of the harbor where rode steamers such as I could have seen any day from a New York ferryboat, while on the right stretched a long line of steamship offices and hotels.

With a swoop that nearly brought me out on my nose, my coolie checked his run and lowered the shafts to the ground, mopping his streaming face with a very damp towel while the rest of the party alighted.

The Grand Hotel was another disappointment to my romantic conception of Japan, for the lobby was filled with men and women of every nationality except Japanese and even the clerk at the desk was a dapper young American.

Upstairs in my rooms, typical of hotel rooms the world over, with brass beds, red carpets, and shiny furniture, I found my new baby nurse waiting. She had been engaged on the recommendation of a friend of my husband.

Black silk trousers, shuffling slippers, high-buttoned blouse of blue silk, yellow face with a thousand

wrinkles; that was Ah Ching. She beamed at me and took the smallest baby with a practiced hand.

'How do, missy. You b'long ship side long time; you velly tired?'

I looked at my husband in dismay.

'I thought I was coming to Japan,' I cried in bewilderment.

Laughingly he assured me that it was all right. One had Chinese servants because they were the very best; spoke English and were more used to foreign ways. I would find Ah Ching a treasure.

She was the most ingratiating old soul. Her pidgeon-English was cheery and quaint; her devotion to the baby most convincing. She had a manner of carrying him high in her arms trailing after me through the hotel as though he were the Heir Apparent at an Imperial Christening. I accepted her promptly at face value, which only goes to show how little a 'green' foreigner can judge of Oriental nature. More of Ah Ching anon.

Meanwhile, the gloom of the rainy day was brightened by the arrival of immense baskets of flowers, roses, lilies, iris, sent to me by friends of my husband as yet unknown to me. Flowers are cheap in Japan, and the Japanese excel in arranging them tastefully. A basket of roses, lilies, carnations, as large as a

bushel measure, only costs the sender a dollar and a half, so the pretty custom of remembering friends on every possible occasion is widespread among the foreign colony. To me, fresh from a land where violets were six dollars a bunch, such profusion of flowers was overwhelming. I decided secretly that my husband's friends must all be millionaires. Gratifying thought! I was doomed to more disillusionment!

Within an hour my trunks arrived, with the keys, as neatly packed as when I left them on the steamer. I never knew whether Martin possessed a magic sesame that brought them through the customs unopened or whether the Japanese customs officials were so expert that they could search a trunk without disarranging a ruffle. That was Martin's secret and he grew fat on it for years. You left everything to Martin asking no questions, for if you were too inquisitive it would somehow develop that Martin most regrettably was too busy to attend to your trunks.

Ah Ching put the babies to bed skillfully while I dressed for dinner and went down to the long glass lounge. There I met the people whose cards had been attached to my flowers upstairs; the handsome fair Dutchman; the tall Englishman and his rangy wife; the Russian naval officer, and a number of Ameri-

cans. After dinner, we danced to the music of an American jazz band.

I went to bed rather discouraged. Five thousand miles I had journeyed, but where was Japan?

CHAPTER II

PILGRIMS AND BABIES

EARLY the next morning, drawing up the shades, I looked out of my window at a canal which separated the 'Settlement' where stood the Grand Hotel from the 'Bluff' with its steep heights crowned by European houses. Down the calm surface of the canal moved a procession of sampans putting out to sea for the day's work with brown, half-naked coolies standing in the stern swinging the single oar rhythmically back and forth.

Somewhere, I knew, must be a shore from which the sampans set forth; somewhere up that canal lay the Japan I had journeyed far to see. Already I had realized that to find it I must escape from the jazzing, bridge-playing crowd that I had met the night before. I resolved to make an opportunity to follow the beckoning canal inland.

All through the 'home-side' breakfast of oatmeal, bacon, and eggs, I listened sedately to my husband's injunctions not to go out of the hotel without a guide or rikisha engaged from the desk, and saw him depart for his office. Then, declining an invitation from the Englishwoman of the prominent teeth to

make a fourth at bridge, I seized a sunshade and purseful of heavy Japanese coins and walked through the garden court of the hotel onto the street.

Across the stone bridge over the canal, along a road that bordered it under the overhanging bluff, I went till a sharp left-hand turn led into a street that was *almost* Japan. On either side stood rows of little houses with tiled roofs and straw-matted floors, each house a shop tended by Japanese in kimono. But the wares were meant for tourist trade — lacquer, pearls, and porcelain; the clerks hailed me in fluent English and the other customers were Americans or Europeans bent on collecting trunkfuls of curios to take home. I must go farther to find Japan.

Presently a tram-line cut across the street on which I walked, to cross the canal again, a block on my right. Seeing no foreigners in the crowded cars that passed, I guessed that the tram would take me to Japan and boarded the next that came.

It was a small yellow car with a sign in queer Japanese characters. The long seats on either side were filled, the aisle packed to suffocation with Japanese carrying bundles of all sizes, from a hamper as large as a wardrobe trunk to a dainty little parcel like a book, invariably wrapped in squares of colored silk or cotton. The streets had been muddy after yesterday's rain so the passengers were shod with wooden

clogs, three inches high. As the car lurched, gathering speed, the man beside me staggered, and planted his geta squarely on my white linen pump. The agony of the knife-edged blade's impact was exquisite. Geta are terrible weapons in a swaying, crowded tram; not even the courteous bow and murmured apology which the offender proffered could reconcile me to the prospect of further assaults upon my poor feet. Fortunately, a Japanese man sitting near now rose and offered me his seat with a bow to which I responded with real gratitude, although conscious that my bow was a feeble thing compared with his. Japanese backbones are differently constructed from ours, I think; their bows are marvels of automatic grace and pliability, and they fold and unfold with a rapidity that would leave me breathless.

The tram bowled along through a district of offices and warehouses, while the crowd thinned at each stop. Suddenly, with an abrupt turn, the line crossed a wide square, and, looking down from the wide stone bridge which we crossed, I saw the home of my sampans.

All along the muddy shore, for it was low tide, boats were drawn up, with their men squatted on the deck eating rice with chopsticks or smoking tiny pipes as they waited the turn of the tide. On the opposite shore was a long open market whose booths

displayed all kinds of fish, fruit, and vegetables scrubbed till their colors fairly gleamed in the sunshine. Ahead of us opened a fascinating vista of a long street before whose every building a graceful bamboo pole flaunted great banners of cotton blazoned with gaudy pictures and the picturesque sprawling black ideographs of Japanese writing. It was Theater Street, the banners advertisements of movies; but it looked like the encampment of a mediæval army.

The tram chose a middle course between Theater Street and the rear of the market, along a road of little houses whose paper shoji open to the sun and breeze, revealed colorful vignettes of everyday life: a boy lying flat on his stomach on the straw mats, reading; an old grandmother sitting in the sun to smoke her long silver pipe; a tiny mother kneeling before a fat baby feeding him with daintily held chopsticks. Men and women in kimono, boys and girls with babies tied to their backs with broad red cords, thronged the road. At last I had reached Japan.

The difficulty of the moment was that, though in it, I was not of it. I had no idea of my whereabouts nor could I speak a word of the language. And at this point the conductor came for my fare.

I handed him one of the unfamiliar coins at ran-

dom, but he refused to accept it, asking some interrogation which I could not understand in spite of many repetitions. Looking around the car in perplexity, I perceived that each passenger held in his hand a small ticket and that the tickets were of varying colors. Evidently each color signified a different route, and the amount of my fare would be determined by my destination. Unfortunately, I had no destination; neither could I explain my exploratory undertaking in Japanese. Indubitably I must buy a ticket, yet I could not purchase one until I could name it.

It was a hard nut to crack, but I solved it by adopting a mascot. He sat opposite me, a little Japanese boy about ten years old with cropped black hair, enormous black eyes, and a faded little kimono of black-and-white cotton stuff fastened none too securely by a faded brown sash. In his hand he held a blue ticket.

I pointed to the ticket; the conductor looked blank, so I leaned across the aisle and put my finger on the little lad's ticket, meaning that it was my wish to be supplied with a similar blue strip. The little fellow, however, was persuaded that I had dark designs upon his lawfully acquired bit of pasteboard. He scrouched away fearfully, tucking the precious bit of blue paper into the bosom of his kimono.

The conductor was less suspicious by nature and grasped the point of my pantomime; selecting the proper amount from the coins in my hand, he gave me a blue ticket.

Shortly afterward the little boy stretched his dangling feet down to insert them with a deft wriggle ('deft' is quite proper in that connection, Japanese feet are often as clever as their hands) into the thongs of his little geta, and got off the car. I followed him, but at first he did not see me, so intent was he on watching the car move forward before crossing the street; when he turned and found me close beside him, his little brown face was a study of horror. He took to his heels like a frightened rabbit.

How Japanese boys can run in wooden clogs held only by a thong across the great toe, tilting forward three inches at each step, I do not know; but my little boy ran like a sprinter, never losing a clog in his flight. I suppose he ran home for dear life to pant out a horrifying tale to his mother about a foreign devil that tried to kidnap him.

His desertion left me without a guide, but it was my lucky day. Down the street sounded an odd intermingling of silvery notes with harsh iron clinkings as a band of ten or twelve pilgrims from the country swung past. They were all of an age, old men and old women with gray hair and deeply lined brown

faces. It was hard to tell the sexes apart, for both wore tight-fitting white cotton trousers bound as high as the knee with strips of white cloth like puttees, topped by a wide-sleeved short white kimono and a gigantic mushroom-shaped hat tied on with straw cords over a blue kerchief. The men had iron-tipped staves which rang on the ground at each step and the women carried little bells.

As they marched up the street, I fell in behind them. Occasionally they would stop before a house to intone a cracked chant, whereupon the householder would hand out a few copper sen in return for which she received a paper prayer for the welfare of the house.

At length we mounted some well-worn stone steps to a terrace on which stood a gray wooden temple in the midst of a little grove. The ground was as smooth and hard as a floor from the ceaseless tread of clogs. Scattered among the trees were little weather-beaten wooden penthouses sheltering lichened stone statues. The pilgrims went into the temple, leaving their straw sandals at the threshold, and were received by a priest in gauzy green-and-gold robes. To the soft throbbing of a gong mounted between large bronze dolphins, lights blossomed on the altar among gilt images, and a chanted service began.

I wandered aside to the shrine of a benevolent-

faced stone god. Dozens of bright scarlet, green or yellow ruffled bibs draped the statue, and little bright-hued kimono, tattered by wind and rain, hung from the roof over the god. A faint odor of incense rose from the slab at the god's feet which was thick with soft white ashes; and in front, overflowing the tiny enclosure, lay a heap of baby playthings. I saw a battered doll, balls, rattles, woolly dogs, and, most pitiful of all, a little baby geta of scarlet lacquer, scuffed and scratched, with frayed silken thongs.

Instinctively I knew that the baby who had worn that clog would never run again on this earth with tottering little footsteps; those footsteps echoed only in some desolate mother's heart. This was the god that loved little children; these pitiful mementoes were the relics of dead babies, brought here by sorrowing mothers who besought the protection of the god for their little ones in the shadows of the after-world. Tears filled my eyes; my shallow sight-seeing was rebuked silently. I turned away softly and left the temple grounds.

Out on the sunny street I was instantly surrounded by a flock of boys and girls, the older ones each with a baby on her back. Curiosity ran high, but courtesy triumphed; they ran along by me in silence till I stopped before a little shop whose floor

was covered with trays filled with a most amazing variety of objects, from Japanese pipes and tobacco-pouches up to copper kettles and old sandals. I had found a second-hand store in Japan.

Between the street and the raised floor of the room was a kind of entry with dirt floor, covered by the overhanging roof and filled with merchandise of all sorts. An aged man squatted on the mats in the room among the trays of wares, his bald head sunk like a dozing tortoise in the collar of his dark kimono. I stepped into the little entry, the children massing behind me to watch while I looked over the hodge-podge of articles.

I had just picked up a quaint little ivory 'net-suke,' a two-inch figure of the jovial god of good luck holding a bundle from which peeped the head of a laughing baby, when I started at the boom of a gong coupled with the wail of a child. A big Japanese boy had edged in after me till he was standing just beneath a large copper kettle suspended from a rafter. His baby brother on his back had bumped his little head on the kettle, and when Baby cried, Big Brother began to hop up and down mechanically on his geta to joggle him off to sleep. At every hop, the shaven little poll received a fresh bang, and another wail pealed out. Big Brother was so engrossed with my every move that he failed to grasp

CHILDREN ON TEMPLE STEPS UNDER A TORII

WHERE IS THE BABY? ON THE BIG BOY'S BACK!

the situation till I finally took him firmly by the shoulder and led him out of range of the kettle.

The old man chuckled toothlessly, and his wrinkled wife, shuffling in from the kitchen with a tray of tea, gave the big boy a vehement scolding in soft Japanese syllables with approving nods to me for my share in the episode. They served me tea in a tiny cup without a handle, while I tried to indicate by signs that I wished to buy the netsuke, holding out a handful of coins and holding them up one by one questioningly.

Smiling, the old man placed the netsuke in my hand and selected two small coins from my palm, with a bow. Twenty cents in American money the little ivory figure cost me, though the old man might have helped himself to ten times as much without protest.

Later, when I came to bargain in the curio shops conducted for tourists, I yearned for the old man of the second-hand shop, for the prices in the curio shops are always high to allow for haggling and for commissions to the rikisha-men or guides who brought one to the shop.

I even knew one dealer who told me frankly of a trick he played on a wealthy American woman who went into a competitor's shop to see jade pendants. She liked the one that was priced at eight hundred

yen, but asked to have it sent up to her room at the hotel before deciding. When the clerk brought it, she made an excuse to leave the room to take it across the street for valuation by the dealer of my acquaintance.

'What did you tell her?' I asked him.

'Well,' he replied with a grin, 'of course it was not worth over four hundred yen, but she told me Sukenai asked eight hundred for it, so I assured her it was worth that, and then I went down and made Sukenai pay me three hundred for not giving him away.'

You see, my old man in the second-hand shop spoke no English, had had no dealings with foreigners; he knew no better than to charge me the same price he would have asked of one of his neighbors.

When I left the cool shade of his home, the glare and heat in the street were almost unbearable. Even under a sunshade I felt faint and marveled that the children could endure it on their bare heads. It was nearly noon, so I signaled a passing rikisha-man who lowered his shafts for me to climb in.

'Grand Hotel,' said I, as distinctly as possible, but he only scratched his head and looked puzzled. 'Nani? Nani?' he asked.

The big boy who had bumped baby brother's pate so unmercifully came to the rescue.

'I spik Engerisu. Where you go?' he inquired.

English is taught in the public schools all over Japan. Later, when I came to travel widely in the interior, I often found bright schoolboys fourteen or fifteen years old who would volunteer as interpreters. In another generation English may be a second language for the Japanese, even as the Dutch to-day are competent linguists because the world cannot be bothered to learn Dutch.

'Grand Hotel,' I told my little interpreter, who turned scornfully to the rikisha-man.

'Gurandu Hoteru,' he translated.

The rikisha-man's face lit up instantly with comprehension. English, unless a Japanese has been educated abroad, becomes rather peculiar in Japanese mouths, for, according to Japanese custom, every consonant must be followed by a vowel, and there is no 'l,' 'v,' nor 'th.' Thus, 'beer' becomes 'bieru'; 'glass,' 'gurassu,' and 'hotel,' 'hoteru.'

Forty minutes of swift trotting under the burning sun brought me back to the 'Gurandu Hoteru' in time for tiffin. My family scolded, declaring that I might have been lost, robbed, Heaven knows what, on such a foolish expedition.

I listened meekly with an inward smile; my morning had shown me that somewhere, over beyond, the Japan of my fancies really existed.

CHAPTER III

ADVENTURES IN SOPHISTICATION

MY girlhood education antedated by some years the modern sophistication and liberty. I went to a convent school, and in vacations was chaperoned to dances and carefully excluded from grown-up conversations on interesting subjects.

With such a background, the gay cosmopolitan group whom I met at the Grand Hotel was as interesting and as startling as though in my convent days one of the gentle nuns had lent me a copy of 'Les Contes Drolatiques' for an afternoon's reading.

A pretty Englishwoman with beautiful golden hair was my first caller. She came, accompanied by her four-year-old boy, to inquire if Ah Ching, whom she had recommended to my husband, was satisfactory to me. Pretty flower-like face and flower name, Rose had a charm that was irresistible to men and women alike.

She introduced me to a handsome boy who was her constant shadow, with the naïve devotion of twenty-two. Six-feet-two, with a pure Greek nose, curly hair and flashing smile, Jack was a dear; every one liked him, from the men at the club,

GRAND HOTEL, YOKOHAMA, BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE

GRAND HOTEL AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE,
SEPTEMBER 1, 1923

through the women around the tea-tables, down to the four-foot Japanese judo expert who won Jack's admiration and respect by throwing the hundred-and-eighty-pound lad clear across the room with a jiu-jitsu trick.

A few months later, when Rose announced that she was going to America for her health, Jack was desolate. As usual, he was out of funds, for he spent his salary months in advance for lavish entertainments around town, but he thought Rose's kind manner meant that she cared as much as he did, so it seemed imperative that he should accompany her. Futilely he tried to borrow money for his passage from conscientious friends who gave gratuitous advice along with their refusals. Unpalatable counsels had little weight with ardent twenty-two, as might have been expected.

The day Rose's boat sailed, Jack forged an order on his firm's bankers and sailed on the boat. After she had cleared the harbor, he discovered that Rose was not alone on board; another man was making the trip with her. At San Francisco, Jack disappeared. He was never seen or heard from again, although for years the Consul in Yokohama used to come to us with heart-breaking letters in which Jack's mother begged for news of her boy.

Another pitiful story was that of Madame X, who

was introduced to me as the wife of a Russian naval officer. I often made a fourth at bridge with her in the hotel, with an Austrian count and an old Dutch sea-captain as our partners, for X had large interests in Northern Siberia which kept him away for months at a time, reputedly engaged in anti-Bolshevik affairs.

In that connection I remember a colleague of X's who passed through Yokohama en route for Omsk where he became a prominent official of Kolchak's short-lived government. Tall, bearded, suave, he looked like a Grand Duke, and departed like a brilliant meteor, though he returned like a falling star. The X's were awakened at six o'clock one morning by a bell-boy who asked X to come downstairs. At the desk X found his friend standing, beard more bushy than ever, a cap of sables pulled over his eyes, a magnificent fur coat wrapped imperially about his tall figure. X was sleepy, ruffled by the early awakening.

'Get a room and join us later for breakfast,' he advised.

For answer, the Russian opened his fur coat with a sweep of his arms. Beneath it he wore only a grimy suit of underwear.

It was a dramatic revelation of the fall of the Kolchak government. The man had been asleep when

word came that the Bolsheviks were upon the city; he had time only to snatch up his boots, cap, and coat before he fled. For three weeks he had been harried across Siberia to Vladivostok and thence to Japan with nothing left in the world but the inadequate costume in which he stood.

During X's long absences, Madame X was a frequent visitor at my house on the Bluff, and one day I took her as my guest to the country club. Shortly thereafter a clergyman called on me.

'For the sake of your little innocent children,' he said virtuously, ignoring the fact that the children were so young they could not even talk yet, much less understand social distinctions, 'I must tell you what I have learned of this woman. She is the wife of an Englishman, yet has been living with this Russian for nine years. You should bar her from your house.'

As far as her manners and visible morals were concerned, Madame X had always been a model of propriety in my house, and I continued to invite her; but the story spread like wildfire, and after an unpleasant episode, when another guest cut her dead at the tea-table, Madame X declined further invitations.

She told me her story . . . that she had been married to the Englishman who treated her abominably,

yet, under the British law, avoided technicalities which would have won her a divorce. Finally, she met X, and after a time he persuaded her to elope with him, thinking that her husband would set her free. With devilish malice, the husband refused to secure a divorce, so for nine years she had lived in the wilds of Siberia, waiting for the time when they could marry. After the Revolution, Siberia became unsafe, so he brought her to Yokohama, and there the story cropped out.

From then on, she was ostracized by the very people who, for two years before they knew the story, had been eager to accept her hospitality. X was far away traveling in Siberia. Day by day I saw the crushing weight of public opinion undermining Madame X's life. Presently she drifted into the 'fast' set, which was not so censorious as her old friends; in a few months there was a scandal with another man, and Madame X drifted away from Yokohama to be seen no more. Until the Christians raked up the story, she had been absolutely circumspect, justified in her own mind by the nine years' devotion to the man she loved; they would better have taken her out to stone her to death than have pushed her down to degradation by their smug ostracism.

A beautiful South American heiress who had shot

her divorced husband in a quarrel over the custody of their child, but had been acquitted by a gallant jury, decorated the lobby of the Grand Hotel with her charming presence and Paris gowns. Being legally whitewashed, the community saw no occasion to ostracize her.

Another alleged murderess lived for years at the hotel. In the old days she and her sister, as young girls making a tour of the world, passed through Japan. Returning to Europe, they lived in a secluded little house, although they were heiresses to a large fortune which was held in trust in the name of the older sister. One morning the servant who came in by the day found the elder sister dead, murdered most brutally with an axe, while the younger was tied in a chair. At the trial the defense claimed that a burglar had done the horrible deed, but the prosecution contended that no traces of entry were to be found while the bonds of the sister tied to a chair might have been fastened by herself. The old verdict of 'not proven' was returned; the surviving sister came to Japan where she invested her fortune in stock of the Grand Hotel. For thirty years she had lived there, haunted at night by fearful dreams; seeking forgetfulness by day in eternal double solitaire with a faded, timid little companion.

It gave me the creeps to see her stout, squat figure

coming down the stairs at night for dinner. A Japanese 'boy' and the companion in rusty black supported her on either side, as she felt cautiously for each step, peering down through puffy lids. There were pouches beneath her eyes; coarse skin shot with tiny veinings of scarlet and purple covered her pendulous cheeks; deep furrows ploughed from nose to chin, and a wart tasseled with gray hairs accentuated the grim line of her mouth which stood open with her quick, rasping breathing. They would lower her unwieldy body into a chair, and there she would sit, grasping a brandy-glass in short, swollen fingers, drinking herself into forgetfulness.

Nemesis had chiseled the deep lines in her face; her end was as ironically tragic as a Greek play.

It was a nine-days' wonder for the foreign community when a middle-aged Scandinavian became friendly with the old woman. Night after night he gave up engagements to read the newspapers aloud or play double Canfield with the old hag. People began to lay bets as to how soon he would marry her; but suddenly he went home on leave and returned in six months with a pink-cheeked, yellow-haired bride from his home country. After years of expatriation, he had not been able to resist the attractions of a 'home-side' girl, even for the prospects of a fortune in Japan.

The old woman was equally surprised with the rest of us. At the news of the wedding, she went into a fearful passion which burst a blood vessel in her brain. For days she lay in the hospital, helpless as a log, unable to move or speak. Only her eyes were alive, but the faithful companion who nursed her established a system of communication by asking questions to which the old woman replied by blinking her eyes for yes or no. The companion declared that her mistress had conveyed by this means a desire to change her will, which had been in favor of the faithless Scandinavian.

Day after day, the old woman lay supine, her one hold on life the supreme desire to recover the power of speech long enough to prevent her fortune going to the man who had betrayed her senile affections. The Scandinavian haunted the hospital like a lean jackal; he had his pretty bride and, if fortune favored, he might yet have the money too.

One Sunday morning the Consul was playing golf out at the race-course when the Scandinavian came hurrying across the links. Men said afterward that the jubilation on his face was hideous to see. The old woman was dead, and he could not wait until the Consul finished his game to have the death certificate signed. Speechless to the last, she had died with the bitter realization that her faithless suitor was

to enjoy the fortune that she had sold her soul to possess.

Such were the inhabitants of Cosmopolia. The Grand Hotel was a Sargasso Sea to which had drifted the flotsam and jetsam of life. It was a laboratory in which one watched the interplay of naked human emotions and saw the inexorable products of the crucible of life.

On the other side of the canal, in the homes of the Bluff, a routine of housekeeping, rearing of children, building of friendships and pursuit of business occupied the inhabitants. In the hotel a frenzied pursuit of excitement absorbed the men and women; sight-seeing, dancing, gambling, drinking, and flirting absorbed their days and most of their nights. The man who introduced a jigger of ether into his cocktails was the hero of the hour; the girl who plastered an embroidered screen with cream puffs from the tea-table earned undying fame for a week.

What the Japanese thought of these antics can only be surmised, but it surely could not have been complimentary to the races represented by the riotous individuals.

On the night of my first day in Japan, I had an experience which showed me that, in spite of the kindly reception given me by the Grand Hotel clique, I could never qualify as one of them. It may have

been my convent-bred provincialism, or my Puritanical New England ancestry; at all events, I failed to 'mix in.'

The English Rose, during her call in the afternoon, invited my mother and me to a dinner at the hotel that night.

The lobby was a gay sight when we went down at seven for cocktails. Women in gowns from Fifth Avenue, Bond Street, and Rue de la Paix were smoking cigarettes and drinking cocktails at the small tables with men in the short white linen mess jacket that is de rigeur from India to Japan.

Our party consisted of Rose and her satellite Jack; an Englishman with tiny blond mustache and dissipated face; his lean, rangy wife, red-haired, with prominent teeth and a daring tongue; two American bachelors; and my mother, husband, and myself. Three cocktails before dinner, champagne with the meal, liqueurs afterward, seemingly had no effect on any of them.

It was a hot, muggy night. I came back from a dance with Jack to find the party preparing to move on somewhere. We were each tucked into a rikisha, and, with lanterns bobbing on the shafts, the soft-footed coolies padded off through the dark, deserted streets of the business district.

During the long ride I enjoyed the sensation of

being carried effortlessly through the dark, glad of the silence after the loud talk of the dinner-party. With a chorus of sharp cries, the rikishamen wheeled to a halt before the brightly lighted entrance of a large two-storied Japanese building.

'Irrasshai,' chorused waiting maids, helping us to remove our shoes and slip our feet into velvet slippers, and we were shown upstairs to a large room by a plain-faced Japanese woman in a kimono of rich dark silk.

Other girls brought trays of shaved ice and cool drinks to us as we sat on the tatami. Behind closed screens in neighboring rooms sounded laughter and the twanging of stringed instruments. Soon two little geisha girls, in bright robes, enormous sashes, and elaborate coiffures bristling with jeweled hairpins and tinsel ornaments, pattered in, followed by an older woman carrying a samisen.

The little girls postured to the minor music of the samisen, with artificial, doll-like gestures and bendings of the body. The dance was stiff, meaningless, interminable; I am afraid I yawned.

At any rate, the tall Englishman with the dissipated face whispered to me: 'Dull, ain't it? Let's cut. Come out in the corridor and I'll show you something interesting.'

My white-haired mother followed, as he led us

A JAPANESE WEDDING

GEISHA PARTY FOR AN AMERICAN

around a corner to a balcony with a garden below. Dozens of tiny rooms fronted on the courtyard and in the open doors we saw Japanese girls sitting, waiting. We saw a Japanese man come down the hall, enter a door, and draw the shoji to behind him. A foreigner was walking toward another door where the little girl had risen to welcome him.

The Englishman was looking at us with a queer expression, like an animal that wants to lick his chops. My mother pulled my arm, whispering. We left the Englishman there and hurried back to demand that my husband take us home at once. In the hall downstairs, while we were putting on our shoes, a drunken Japanese leered at us, caught hold of my mother's wrap and said with drunken precision:

'Number Nine very fine whorehouse, ne?'

Back in the Grand Hotel we vented our exasperation on my husband.

'Didn't you know where we were being taken?'

'Why, sure,' he said easily. 'You don't want to get mad about it. All the bunch go down to Number Nine just to have a look-see.'

CHAPTER IV

YOKOHAMA'S FOREIGN QUARTER

AFTER a few days at the hotel, I moved up onto the Bluff, that narrow ridge lying south of the city of Yokohama reserved for foreign residences. Along its crest twisted and turned a single narrow dirt road without sidewalks, and on that road, or the tiny little lanes which branched from it, were built the three-hundred-odd houses of the foreign community.

Every style of architecture but Japanese was to be seen on the Bluff. Great red-brick châteaus stood cheek by jowl with clapboarded frame houses of New England vintage; stuccoed mansions faced a typical brick tenement building; sandwiched into odd corners were tiny bungalows copied from English India.

The show place of the Bluff was Temple Court, a large red wooden house with immense tiled roof curved like a Buddhist temple, with grinning red devils mounted at each end. When the house was first erected, the servants in the neighboring house left in a body, declaring that the demon figures would surely cast the evil eye upon them. To avoid washing his own dishes and cooking his own meals,

the tenant of the house upon which the carved devils bent their malignant gaze, was obliged to mount a brass cannon on his own roof, trained full upon the ugly statues, which effectually banished the curse.

Neighbors were plentiful and promiscuous. With the influx of Russians after the Revolution of 1917, houses on the Bluff were at a premium; and, although they commanded rentals that would have precipitated a governmental investigation at home, the hotels were always crowded with people waiting a chance to lease a house, and a householder who was lucky enough to go home for a few months on leave, was besieged with applicants who offered fabulous prices for the house furnished and staffed with servants.

In Japan any one who is not Japanese is a foreigner; consequently, the foreign colony on the Bluff was a curious potpourri of nationalities. Across the street from me lived the Chinese Minister with his dainty little wife and his collection of rare porcelains; on one side I had Russians, and on the other an American married to a Portuguese lady. The Spanish Consul lived around the corner; a German was near at hand; and within the radius of a city block were English, Scotch, Swiss, French, Austrians, Italians, and various Scandinavians.

The English dominated and predominated, dic-

tating most of the little details of our life. We all had tea at four o'clock, even the men in their business offices; we dined at eight in the evening. We called our midday meal 'tiffin,' and we never sent one another notes — oh, dear, no! We exchanged 'chits.'

Even the two country clubs proclaimed by their names the pervasive British flavor. The L.L.T. & C.C., popularly called the 'Bluff Gardens,' was in reality the Ladies' Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club; and the Y.C.A.C., on solemn occasions, turned out to be the Yokohama Cricket and Athletic Club.

Fourth of July was the only day in the year when the American Eagle could make his scream heard. Then patriotism spurred the five hundred Americans in Yokohama to subscribe a fund of several thousand yen to finance an elaborate programme of entertainment for the whole foreign community. Perhaps it was a childish gesture, but, at any rate, it was effective, for every one admitted that there was nothing quite so gay and delightful as Fourth of July when the Americans were hosts.

Down at the United Club champagne flowed like water while the American Consul made a neat little speech at noon. Out at the Y.C.A.C., on the beautiful plateau overlooking Mississippi Bay where Perry's American ships anchored when they opened

AMERICAN BASEBALL GAME, FOURTH OF JULY, YOKOHAMA

WHERE WEST MEETS EAST

American-owned business block in the 'Settlement,' Yokohama

Japan to the world, devoted Americans perspired through nine innings of the national game and were rewarded by a lavish tea to which all foreigners were invited. Afterward there was barely time to rush home to dress before going to the Grand Hotel for dinner amid exuberant red, white, and blue decorations. Dancing to an American jazz orchestra impounded from some ocean liner ended the day.

At nine o'clock in the evening there was a pause in the gayety as we gathered for half an hour in the window of the lounge looking over the harbor. Within, the lovely dresses of the women turned the room into a flower-garden. Without, in the darkness of the harbor waters, calm within the long breakwater, bobbed thousands of luminous Japanese lanterns festooned on sampans. A hush fell on the room.

Suddenly, with a boom as of a bombardment, from a raft moored by the breakwater, fiery columns of light rushed up; up to the sky; green, red, golden bombs burst to send showers of colored stars drifting down. The Fourth of July fireworks had begun. And when at the end, the Stars and Stripes flamed against the black velvet sky, my throat tightened and I saw tears in the homesick eyes around me.

The L.L.T. & C.C., on the other hand, was thoroughly British; its solemn pompousness was a ludi-

crous example of the effect of isolation upon expatriated souls.

The Japanese Government in the early days of foreign settlement, granted a large tract of land on the southerly slope of the Bluff for recreation purposes, on condition that part of it be laid out and maintained as a public park. Accordingly, at the summit there was a sweep of green English turf where amahs brought pink-cheeked, golden-haired babies to play; at the base lay a patch of well-trodden bare ground in which Japanese boys in geta and kimono essayed baseball; and between were three levels of terraces for the tennis courts. The banks of each terrace, which were about twenty feet high, were covered with azalea shrubs, uniformly clipped and trained by a corps of uekiyas (gardeners) whose alternate duty was to chase balls for players.

A set of tennis on a sunny afternoon in May, the court perfectly surfaced, two stalwart men to fetch the balls, as though one were a crack tournament player, the banks of the court blazing sheets of pink azalea — that was the ultimate refinement of sport!

But, like all Edens, the Bluff Gardens catered to a small and select society. Joining the L.L.T. & C.C. required as much wire-pulling and ceremony as getting a command to the Court of Saint James's. A committee of twelve ladies presided over the Club,

and every month a fateful little black box went the rounds of the committees accompanied by a list of proposed new members with their backers. Men could not become members of this feminist organization, but, if properly sponsored, were permitted to make themselves liable for dues in return for the privilege of playing on the courts. A young man who craved this permission was obliged by custom to call ceremoniously on each of the committee to be looked over. A single 'black ball' in the box sealed the fate of an aspirant, as the damning symbol was recorded in a Domesday Book handed down in the secretary's office.

I suspect that the L.L.T. & C.C. came into being as the ladies' revolt against the masculine exclusiveness of the United Club whose sacred portals were closed to women. Be that as it may, the ladies ran their tennis club most efficiently, and the committee of twelve functioned more harmoniously than most women's committees do.

The women of the Yokohama foreign colony were not 'jiners'; they left most of the activities of the community to the men, who were indefatigable about getting up all sorts of things from a regatta on the water-front to a ball for the Ambassador. The four great national balls, held yearly on appropriate holidays, were managed by men. Saint George's

Ball was the most elegant, as there were more Britishers to supply the funds than the other nationalities could boast; Saint Andrew's, when the Scots appeared in all the glory of the kilt to dance reels and sword dances, was the most colorful; the Columbia Ball on Washington's Birthday was America's contribution; and the merriest of all was Saint Patrick's, when seventeen royal sons of Erin recklessly ran up enormous bills to produce entertainment equal if not better (they swore it was far better) than the ball given by the thousand Englishmen!

In little Japanese houses hidden away below the Bluff dwelt certain foreigners for whom the lotus life of the Orient had proved too powerful. One harrowing incident of a certain Columbia Ball occurred when a zealous young American, newly come, barred the door to an old gentleman with rubicund nose who was frequently seen on the streets in slovenly garb with dubious companions. The old gentleman proved to be the uncle of a prominent committeeman, with disastrous complications for the zealous young American!

In the red-brick Gayety Theatre, which stood at the head of Camp Hill in the center of the Bluff, went on all the fun-making of the community. There we held our balls; the meetings of the Yokohama Literary Society; the rare movies and rarer traveling

road companies which showed five-year-old plays in old costumes, and the immensely popular performances of the Amateur Dramatic Society. Later, after the Revolution, we had Russian ballets, opera companies, and concerts; once even an exhibition of violent cubist paintings.

Not far from the theater were three churches, a Catholic church, an Anglican, and a Union church for Protestants. The Bluff Library occupied a tiny little building near the cemetery, and the Yokohama Foreign School was in the same neighborhood.

The Yokohama Foreign School was a corporation whose shares were subscribed by the foreigners, and whose classes were strictly limited to foreign children. The committee was offered a donation of 100,000 yen contingent on the admission of Eurasian children; but refused the gift, so bitter was the feeling that race lines must be kept intact.

It was perhaps the most extreme example of non-assimilation that the modern world has seen, that foreign colony on the Bluff. Two thousand heterogeneous 'whites' in a city of 500,000 yellow-skinned people; homes, churches, theaters, schools, entirely of foreign architecture; no mingling with the native population except for employing a few as servants; costume, language, customs, brought intact from their own countries. The foreigners even paid prac-

tically no taxes to the Japanese Government, for the property in the Settlement and on the Bluff was held in perpetual lease, exempted by a decision of the Hague Tribunal from the necessity of paying taxes on buildings erected thereon.

The perpetual leases were ever a sore point with the Japanese, who felt that they had been practically extorted from their Government when it was weak and unskilled in international diplomacy. Whenever a lease came into the market, as many did, through confiscation of alien property, when Japan declared war against Germany, Japanese were present at the auctions to bid the price up far beyond the means of foreigners, and so restore the land to Japanese ownership.

The Japanese Government maintained the roads through the foreign colony, supplied a police station with patrols, and a fire company of sorts; but there was a constant undercurrent of dissatisfaction on the part of the foreigners. It was the fashion to rail against the inefficiency of the police and the fire department. In truth, conflagrations were frequent and disastrous and the scanty equipment of the fire force availed practically nothing; but no one ever remarked in their defense the truth, namely, that the foreigners persisted in building highly inflammable buildings in a district where there were no

high-pressure mains, and heated them with open fireplaces and oil stoves in spite of the frequent earthquakes and typhoons which toppled down houses and stoves at a minute's notice.

Like hermit crabs, we foreigners, when we found ourselves on the shores of Nippon, scuttled into shells as much like our former homes as we could find, adapting ourselves not at all to the conditions of the country, and absorbing nothing from the native population.

If Japan, back in the days of Perry and Townsend Harris, had felt free to throw open her towns and cities to foreign occupation with no 'settlements' marked off by sentries, so that the foreigners might have dwelt among the Japanese, it seems as though to-day there would have been a closer national understanding, less prejudice.

CHAPTER V

DODGING DISEASE

MOST people seem to think that Japan is permeated with sunshine and surrounded with a perpetual white foam of cherry blossoms; but as a matter of fact the climate is rather a trying one to Europeans.

The range of temperature at Yokohama was not very great, varying from 22° F., in the winter months, up to slightly over a hundred in July and August, but the extreme humidity conspired to make any temperature trying. In the winter, the dampness pierced to our marrow so that, with the mercury at barely freezing-point, a fur coat was more welcome than at home in zero weather; while in the summer, the heat was so oppressive that we wore sun helmets and business men wore two suits of white linen in the day with a third change for the evening. Such luxury was made possible by the graciousness of Sentakuya San, the laundryman, who 'did up' our clothes for six sen (three cents) an article. We ran the gamut from prickly heat to chilblains in six months!

Toward the end of the War, influenza was im-

ported to Japan, and made terrific inroads on the population, native and foreign. Beginning in January and extending through the bitter weather of February, black greasy smoke poured in clouds from the crematories on the outskirts of the cities; funeral processions, picturesque with coolies bearing tall gilt and silver lotus flowers and cages of pigeons, wended their way through the streets; and the nation appeared to have gone in for banditry wholesale, as every other person's face on the street was concealed behind a black 'flu mask.'

Sanitation, or rather, its lack, was responsible for many of our troubles, although the Japanese seemed happily oblivious to it. Only a handful of cities had sewer systems, and modern plumbing was unknown outside of hotels, office buildings, and the European colonies. The waste from cesspools is gathered nightly and removed in wooden buckets slung on a shoulder yoke, or in filthy wooden handcarts to the farms where it is used as fertilizer. 'Violets' was our password when one of these equipages was spied approaching, and was the signal for every one to bury his nose in a handkerchief.

Harbors and inland streams are everywhere polluted with all kinds of waste. Swimming near Hon-Moku meant constant dodging of grapefruit rinds and potato peelings, souvenirs of passing steam-

ships; and I have even found a balloon-like dead rabbit bobbing in the current beside my unsuspecting head.

I have walked through picturesque villages where elaborate stone conduits led a stream past the door of every house so that each house was entered by a little wooden bridge. Here a woman would be leaning over to wash clothes, while a little lower down another would be dipping up a bucket of water to boil for tea!

It must be confessed that these streams have very ingenious uses; in the uplands where mulberry trees grow and silkworms thrive, tiny water wheels at each house furnish power for the looms within; and in volcanic regions like the Hakone district, steaming hot water is brought to each house in bamboo pipes.

The Japanese seem to have built up a racial immunity, to a certain degree, against typhoid, dysentery, and similar diseases; but no foreigner in the interior dares eat raw fruit or vegetables, or to drink anything but tea or bottled water. I have even known cautious souls who opened a 'split' of sparkling Tansan every time they brushed their teeth. If foreigners resident in Japan stopped to think about the dangers and diseases to which they are daily exposed, life would be a nightmare; but the

Japanese cultivate a stoic resignation, to which, among the peasants, superstition contributes.

In America, for instance, a man troubled with rheumatism, hies him to a doctor to have his tonsils clipped or to get a set of store teeth. The Japanese rheumatic in the country goes to the temple where he burns a pinch of incense before a god and trustingly massages that portion of the statue which corresponds to his own region of suffering. If no relief comes, he thinks his sins have prevented the god from attending to the matter.

Although the Japanese Government has spent millions in educating doctors abroad and establishing medical colleges, hospitals, and clinics in the larger cities, many of the older people still cling to midwives, herb doctors, and queer home-made remedies whose ingredients sound like a recipe from the Middle Ages. Dried snakes, for instance, are so sought after for medicinal purposes that five million snakes are said to be caught annually to supply the demand.

Once in the harvest season I was walking through the rice paddies from which the water had been drained, the golden rice lying in swathes from the sickle, to dry in the sun. A toothless old man was overseeing a covey of bare-legged children who ran hither and thither chasing whirring grasshoppers,

which, as fast as caught, were popped into the old man's bag.

'O Jii San,' said I, with mock reproach, 'why waste your time playing with the children when there is rice to be threshed?'

'I am not playing, Oku San,' responded the old fellow earnestly, 'I must collect grasshoppers to make medicine for the village next winter. You know the hindlegs of grasshoppers brewed into tea are very efficacious for young mothers with newborn infants!'

In the summer when kimono are widely discarded leaving brown bodies bared, one sees on nearly every back deep, angry scars, sometimes one on each shoulder blade, again a double row all down the spine. These are caused by moxa (mogusa) which are supposed to exorcise pain. A little cone of dried woolly fiber from the young leaves of wormwood is placed on the skin, lighted with a coal of charcoal, and allowed to smoulder until it has burned deep into the flesh. Sufferers from headache often show such scars on the temple. I could never help wondering why a Japanese, who could voluntarily submit to being burned by a fusee for a couple of hours, could not have endured with equal philosophy the twinges of rheumatism!

Trachoma, widespread among the Japanese, is

the bugbear of foreigners, as its germs lurk everywhere. Not until you are haunted by the thought that one germ may make you blind, do you realize how many times a day your fingers unthinkingly touch your eyes. You develop a phobia about street-car straps, coins, bundles handed you by a clerk, and towels fresh from sorting in the laundry. A friend of mine contracted trachoma, perhaps from papers handed him in his office, and his wife later developed it. It would have been ludicrous, if it had not been so pitiful, to see how henceforth they were shunned by their friends; no one dared shake hands with them; men refused to play cards at the club with him; people were even afraid to borrow a book that they had read. The couple were condemned to a most painful treatment for two years, and had to give up plans for a trip home because trachoma bars one from entering America.

Uneducated Japanese suffer fearfully from this scourge, as they do not seem to grasp the principles of the spread of infection and its prevention. My cook, for instance, asked me to employ his wife as amah. They had a family consisting of five children and the old grandmother who looked after the household while the wife was employed as amah in another foreign family. Sympathizing with his desire to have his wife with him, I foolishly, without any

investigation, told him that he might bring her to my house, but the first time I saw her dusting in my room, I noticed the condition of her eyes. I am no doctor, but seeing the horrible ulcers on her lids, I realized that it was a case of trachoma, and my diagnosis was confirmed by the doctor. The servants thought I was rather peremptory when I sent her straight off to a hospital, and ordered every chair, doorknob, dish, and bit of linen in the house boiled and scrubbed with disinfectant: but I found that the cook had had no idea that his whole family was doomed to the disease by her presence. When I first told him that she must go, he shrugged his shoulders, apologized for my trouble, and asked if I would please write a letter of recommendation, as he knew another foreign family that needed an amah to whom he could send his wife!

Incidentally, to show the quickness of the Japanese to learn anything new, he scrupulously paid me back the money which I had advanced for her hospital treatment, and when she came out cured, after *nine* operations, both he and his wife were very grateful to me.

Leprosy is also comparatively common in Japan, and though the Government maintains leprosariums in which it tries to isolate all lepers, yet the people, not unnaturally, object to being immured for life, and one often sees lepers on the street.

Japan is famed for the cleanliness of her people whose invariable custom is to take a hot bath daily, yet the Japanese bath under certain conditions can be the most unhygienic thing imaginable. In the mountainous districts, where hot springs and medicinal mud baths are found, sufferers from the most loathsome diseases congregate to soak for hours congenially in the pools, doubtless swapping symptoms with as great interest as in some other parts of the world! Leprosy, eczema, boils, and other afflictions could all be seen side by side not so many years ago; but the new medicine is changing that, for the Japanese are notably quick at science, and even in America and Europe some of the most brilliant work in research of bacteriology has been done by men like Noguchi and Kitasato.

But the private bath still remains a doubtful sanitary device. The greater number of people bathe at the public bath-houses, which are numerous, and provide for a few sen at once a comforting bath and a good chat with the neighbors. In private dwellings porcelain tubs are a rarity. At Miyanoshita's famous hotel, the Fujiya, the height of luxury for Japan was realized by marble pools with taps which admitted natural hot water, cold water, or boiling sulphur water from the mineral springs of the mountain-side. However, the tub in most houses

was of unpainted wood, about five feet long, three feet wide, and four feet deep, fitted with a tight wooden cover, and an iron stove inside at one end, which was stoked from without.

In the morning the tub was emptied, well scrubbed, filled with clean cold water, and the charcoal ignited in the stove. By evening the water had reached a temperature of about 125° F. and the bath was ready for the family. Each member in turn, beginning with the men of the household, used the tub. Of course, it was etiquette to stand outside while thoroughly soaping one's self and to rinse before stepping into the scalding bath to soak for half an hour or so; but even so it must be admitted that the bath water is by no means as pure and fresh after the tenth person has bathed as it was in the beginning!

On a walking trip through the mountains one spring, we came at night to a small country inn which, because of bad weather, was unusually crowded. After walking twenty-five miles over rough mountain trails, a hot bath has great attractions, and I was duly grateful when a little amah pushed back the shoji of my room to tell me that two foreign gentlemen who had arrived earlier, had waived their right to 'first bath' in favor of my sex.

I was selfish enough to accept their courtesy, and

they were good enough to stand sentinel at the end of the passage leading to the open bathroom, for the purpose of detaining naïve Japanese who saw no reason for not taking a friendly dip in the pool along with me.

Later, sitting refreshed on the soft mats of my room which overlooked the garden in which the bath was situated, I counted the number of people who, of necessity, bathed themselves in my bath water. It was *nineteen!*

Speaking of baths, reminds me of a concomitant of the bath. Mindful of the ever-present little germs, we ordered some germicidal soap from home. When it arrived at the customs office, we were notified that we must pay a very high duty upon it. To our protests came the answer:

'Ah, yes, ordinary soap is different, but this is *perfumed.*'

To the official nostrils the pungent odor of carbolic acid was just as expensive as attar of roses!

CHAPTER VI

HOUSE-HUNTING IN A RIKISHA

WE rented a furnished bungalow on the Bluff for the summer till we could find a permanent abode.

The search was no simple matter, as there were no real estate agents, and, although the *Yokohama Gazette* sometimes carried advertisements of 'houses to let,' the congestion of 'immigrants' at the peak of the war-time expansion in Japan was so great that there were a dozen applicants for every house advertised. Naturally, landlords were not above waiting cannily to let the homeless bid against one another while rentals soared.

Our staff of servants included two kurumayas, one for Dana San and one for me.

'Kuruma' is the Japanese word for rikisha, and 'Kurumaya' is the man who draws the 'kuruma.' 'Ya' is a most convenient little suffix whose translation would be 'the person who makes a business of.' Thus we had 'yubin-ya,' the postman; 'denki-ya,' the electrician; 'gomi-ya,' the rubbish collector; 'ueki-ya,' the gardener. Literally 'ue' means 'planting,' 'ki' is 'tree,' and with the addition of

'ya' the English version might well be described by the slang phrase 'you said a mouthful'; it would be manifestly inconvenient to say fifty times in a morning spent in the garden, 'honorable person who makes a business of planting trees!'

Kasama was the name of Dana San's kurumaya. He was only with us a few months, but the cause of his leaving was one of those pitiful misunderstandings whose remembrance saddens us years after.

One morning, when, as usual, a gentle rain was falling, Dana San ordered the man to put on his rubber raincoat to save his uniform. We supplied the uniforms for both men.

'Kino doku desu ga, Dana San; ame no kimono naku narimashita,' answered Kasama.

Now 'naku narimashita' is an equivocal phrase much used by the Japanese to soften bad tidings; it may mean that a person is dead; that a thing is lost; or that it simply is not at hand. At that stage of our residence, Dana San and I knew only a few of the commonest Japanese expressions; every one told us that it was a waste of time to study Japanese, and it was possible to get along with a word or two as most tradesmen spoke more or less English. Dana San was invariably irritated by the Oriental euphemisms and idioms. If his tailor said, 'Shigata ga nai,' when asked why a suit was not done on the

promised day, which means, literally, 'Doing method there was none,' and, idiomatically, 'I just couldn't help it,' Dana San considered it an insult instead of a bit of Buddhist philosophy. Thus, when Kasama said that his raincoat was 'naku narimashita,' Dana San interpreted it as 'lost' and gave the man a piece of his mind in good American fashion, exhausting his slender stock of Japanese swear-words in reprimanding such carelessness.

There are some countries where to call a man a fool, or even a damned fool, only clears the atmosphere all around; there are some races whom white men find need a 'good cussing' to get any results; but in Japan to lose your temper or call a man 'baka,' which means 'fool,' or 'chikusho,' which means 'hairy beast,' is an unforgivable insult.

Kasama drew Dana San to the office without a word, but an hour later the 'boy' at the house brought me a little bundle of Kasama's uniform, including the missing raincoat. Kasama had resigned.

I questioned Usui, my own kurumaya.

'Kasama's wife is very sick, Oku San,' he explained. 'Three days baby has been coming; midwife could do nothing. Kasama called the doctor, but Kasama is a poor man with many children; the Ishii San said Kasama must first bring the money. Kasama had no money, so he pawned his new rain-

coat. When Dana San became angry, Kasama sold his tansu [chest of drawers] to redeem the raincoat and brought it back. Kasama is an honest man, Oku San.'

I sent Usui straightway to Kasama's house with money and word that his position would be open to him when his wife was better, but Usui brought back the money sadly. Kasama's wife and the new baby were dead, and Kasama did not wish to work for us any more.

I felt like a murderer, thinking of that poor woman lying in agony for three days on the tatami, a wrinkled midwife powerless to alleviate her suffering, her little children dumbly watching her die . . . all for want of ten yen which would have procured a skilled physician. It shamed me to think that harsh words and unkind suspicions had beaten on Kasama's sorrowful heart. Until then I had been content, like most foreigners on the Bluff, to pick up only a few words of Japanese, but the tragedy of knowing that, if I had been able to speak freely to Kasama, he might have asked aid of me in his trouble, resolved me to learn the language in earnest.

I spent most of the time for the first two months after my arrival in Japan tracing down clues to houses. After breakfast Usui would bring around the kuruma and off we would go, down the main

road or along the narrow lanes, asking other kurumaya if they knew of houses to let, ringing at the gates of houses that looked vacant.

Tracing addresses on the Bluff was like playing paper chase, for the lots had been numbered serially in the order in which they were originally assigned. Thus Number 1 was next door to Number 220 at one end of the Bluff, and a mile away, Number 245 faced Number 119. Many of the original lessees had erected several houses on their lot, so from one to five houses might bear the same number — Number 1 A, Number 1 B, etc. The only saving feature was that every one had affixed to his gatepost a brass plate giving the name and address in both English and Japanese characters.

Number 34 B was finally reported 'to let' by a passing kurumaya, and Usui galloped his fastest to get there before it was snapped up. The lady of the house was affable, the house itself just what I wanted, and the rent quite cheap, only two hundred and fifty yen a month for an eight-room house with a large garden; but when I reported my find to Dana San, he groaned.

'You'll be in jail, to-morrow,' he predicted gloomily. 'That house is owned by a German and, if you take it, you will be trading with the enemy!'

To Tokio I went for an interview with the Ameri-

can Ambassador. He was sympathetic, but powerless, so my lovely house went to some Russians.

Eventually Usui got me out of bed one morning to tell me that he had found a house, and by noon I had signed the lease for a small house on a narrow side lane. Behind the servants' quarters in the rear, the ground fell away abruptly a hundred feet; I wondered sometimes if an earthquake would not land us all in a heap at the bottom, but, for the sake of having a roof over our heads, I risked the earthquakes.

Perhaps I am born to be hanged. At any rate, our house stood safely as long as I lived in it, and when I left Yokohama I sub-leased it to a French couple. A few months later, in the great earthquake of September, 1923, they were killed in that house.

Having found a house, the next question was to furnish it, so, added to the delight that every woman knows in furnishing a house, I had the pleasure of prowling around quaint little shops and dickering with picturesque workmen.

Furniture can rarely be found ready-made in Japan, so ours was made under our own supervision down in China-town where men in black trousers and long blue coats chanted gossip at one another in sing-song while they wove the long strands of reed into chairs and tables. I had the furniture

painted, a process apparently unheard of in Japan before that time; it was white enameled and upholstered in charming Japanese flowered silks, far prettier than cretonnes, but difficult to utilize, as it came only in a fourteen-inch width. I tried to order some in extra width, but learned it was made on hand looms in little mountain cottages and that tradition dictated the narrow width as just right for making kimono.

With gay upholstery, quantities of flowers and dwarf trees in quaint pottery, and colored prints by Hiroshige and Toyokuni on the walls, the house was quite attractive when we moved in, but before long I discovered the drawbacks of housekeeping in Japan.

Japanese wall-paper is made by hand in eight-inch squares and pasted upon the laths with no intervening plaster; consequently the wind blew through cracks, earthquakes cracked and tore the paper, and wet weather reduced it to limp pulp. My pretty cushions and white furniture soon deteriorated into dinginess, covered with soot from the open fireplaces in each room where we burned soft coal. Furnaces were impractical in a country where earthquakes made cellars dangerous and anthracite coal sold for forty-five dollars a ton.

Fortunately, the thermometer rarely dropped to

the freezing-point, but the winter months were raw and damp so that we suffered from cold and chilblains. At dinner-parties women in Paris gowns squabbled indecorously for the next turn to stand with back to the fireplace between courses, and, when we were not entertaining, Dana San and I ate from a card-table edged as close as possible to the meager blaze.

Burikiya San was a picturesque concomitant of the fireplaces. Bricks were unknown to the Japanese till Europeans introduced them, so the Japanese syllabled the English word to fit their own tongues and dubbed the man who built chimneys out of bricks a 'burikiya' — 'the person who is concerned with bricks.'

Once a week Burikiya San arrived with a huge bundle of brushes mounted on long jointed sticks of bamboo, to clean my chimneys. His working costume consisted of a short blue kimono and cotton tights of blue-and-white checked cotton which fitted snugly and joined onto blue tabi. When he was halfway up a chimney, with those skinny blue legs dangling and wiggling in his efforts to reach the top, I was irresistibly reminded of Bill the Lizard as portrayed in my old copy of 'Alice in Wonderland.'

At the last minute before moving into the new house, it developed that the Chinese had not time

to paint the babies' cribs, so they were left in the natural rattan. Presently the babies developed mysterious sores, angry-looking red spots on their tender skins. Inquiry of the amah brought forth a disgusted response.

'Nankin mushi, Oku San' (Chinese bugs).

These Chinese bugs far outrank any American bedbugs ever hatched; they bite like scorpions, smell abominably, and flourish like green bay trees. Boiling disinfectants and every kind of insect powder had no effect on them except to drive them farther into the cribs. Finally several coats of paint applied over a thick layer of insect powder disposed of them, but not before any desire I had cherished to travel in China was thoroughly destroyed.

The Japanese were very contemptuous of these little friends of the Chinese, and claim that sons and daughters of Nippon never entertain them; but I found plenty of indigenous insects in Japan which annoyed me as much as the Chinese bugs.

Fleas infested the straw tatami, so that whenever we went to a teahouse or Japanese inn in the country we surrounded ourselves with a dead line of flea powder; cockroaches scuttled about my otherwise immaculate kitchen; and a plague of mosquitoes buzzed around us for six months of the year.

The mosquitoes were so troublesome (we had no

screens, for screening rusts too fast in Japan's damp climate) that often we sat reading in the living-room with our feet tied up in pillow-slips and were obliged to sleep under stifling canopies of mosquito netting. Japanese kaya (mosquito nets) designed for Japanese houses are more effective than bed canopies, as they are made exactly the size of the room, fastening in the four corners and giving the effect of a screened porch when in position. We found the kaya very satisfactory in our little Japanese summer home by the shore.

The mosquitoes were pursued by a fearsome beetle called 'geji-geji,' who is cherished by the Japanese because he eats so many mosquitoes, but I never could learn to love him, or get over having the horrors when I found one in bed with me. It was six inches long, dark brown in color, and equipped with a dozen pairs of slithering legs which increased his acreage to the size of a bread-and-butter plate; and if we killed one, the legs curled and uncurled in most ghastly fashion for hours afterward.

In the summer hard brown 'June bugs' flew about at twilight cannoning into our faces like bullets; and all through the day the semi, brothers to our seventeen-year locust at home, sat in the trees, ululating; thousands of them shrieking in chorus, shrill and piercing as the din of a boiler factory or a

steam riveter. Small boys in flapping kimono ran after them with long bamboo poles limed at the end; soft-hearted missionaries remonstrated with the boys for tying their captives to a string and whirling them through the air to hear them buzz; cultured Japanese even write poems on the song of the semi; I used to sneak out with a handful of copper sen to subsidize the little boys at their work in hopes of lessening the awful noise.

Common houseflies, strangely enough, were rare, but a green-headed fly called the 'buyu' had a trick of hovering in the top of the grass, a foot from the ground, whence he stung our ankles secretly. As each bite generally produced an ulcer lasting for weeks, the buyu was not popular with foreigners.

The worst of all the pests was the mukade, a small scorpion from three to eight inches in length distinguished from the harmless geji-geji by having very short legs and a red stripe down his back. The mukade loved warmth and white surfaces; his favorite hiding-place seemed to be inside light clothing hung up in a closet. It is truly a thrilling experience to put one's nightgown over one's head and discover at the crucial moment, when it is conventionally impossible to shriek for help or run out of the room, that a mukade is inside it with you!

The mukade has a nervous disposition; at the

least movement around him, he strikes every one of his score of little claws deep into your skin, at the same time dealing a vicious sting with his poisonous tail. If you put your hand on a mukade in the dark, your arm will be paralyzed for half an hour from the agonizing pain, and when he strikes his claws into your skin, each wound will become an ulcer.

There is only one way to deal with a mukade and escape unscathed. On discovering the beast on your body, you must freeze into immobility until you can call a servant who departs to the kitchen to heat a metal chopstick. Perhaps he has to kindle the charcoal first. At the least it is five minutes that seem like five years before he returns to place the red-hot point on the narrow backbone of the mukade. The beast thereupon is supposed to curl up and depart this world without harpooning you first.

I have often heard this procedure advocated, but I have yet to meet an individual who succeeded in carrying the programme through to a successful conclusion!

CHAPTER VII

LIFE IN LOTUS LAND

OUR house on the Bluff, like all other houses, was set in a little garden where camellias bloomed nearly all the year around on a high, thick hedge which shut us off from the lane completely. The lane itself, so narrow that police regulations barred motor-cars from it, was a short cut from the main road of the Bluff to the Settlement below, reached by a precipitous flight of stone steps, known the world over as 'The Hundred Steps.'

Descending, one had a bird's-eye view of Yamashita-cho (literally, 'That which is beneath the mountain'), which was a drab expanse of dirty-looking fireproof godowns of mud and ramshackle office buildings. Up in Tokio might be seen sky-scrapers of as many as eight stories, but in Yokohama men did business in old one- or at the most two-storied structures.

Beyond Yamashita-cho to the north and west stretched the dull gray monotonous tiled roofs of the Japanese quarter, and on the east lay the harbor with its variegated shipping. But, if you stopped

halfway down the Hundred Steps and turned out on a little ledge to the left, you saw, far beyond the tiled roofs, a blue range of mountains barring the horizon, and above them, seemingly swung in the sky by celestial wires hooked over a star or two, the white summit of Fuji. The foothills and clouds hid the base of the great mountain so that the white cone in the sky seemed a magical illusion.

In the summer, what with the melting of the snows on the peak and the succession of rainy days, Fuji veiled herself for weeks on end; I had been in Yokohama for three weeks before I saw her. But once the vision had been revealed, I understood why Japanese artists spend a lifetime drawing Fuji's perfect curves; I knew why a woman beautiful by Japanese standards must have a high forehead with a 'widow's peak' that is called a Fujisan face; and I could almost believe with the ancients that a goddess made her home in the mountain.

It became a passion with me, abetted by Usui San, the kurumaya, to collect, for my mental gallery, views of Fuji. Fuji at sunset, the sky banded with angry crimson and purple; Fuji silhouetted against turquoise which melted into the palest green with floating wisps of sea-shell-pink clouds; Fuji as a dull mauve pyramid on the faintly rosy horizon with a silver sickle of new moon over her. To see Fuji at

twilight was to have your soul dissolve within you in vague melancholy yearning.

In the morning, however, her shoulders clothed with ermine, Fuji radiated power and majesty. Looking across the somber brownness of a Japanese winter landscape to the towering white landmark, one felt cheerily that effort would be rewarded, that life was worth living after all.

Some day, when I am old, I want to build a house in Japan with a window through which I can see no houses, no people, nothing but Fuji. Perhaps, by that time, there will be no more chores for me to do, no people who want me to do things for them; perhaps, for once, I can sit me down and have my fill of Fuji.

Life was not so constituted when I lived in Japan. There were all kinds of things to be done all the time; things I wanted to do, things people asked me to do; and pestiferous things that I thought I had to do. We all lived at a terrible pace; the very fact that housekeeping was so simple seemed to make us women busier than ever. Tennis, golf, or swimming in the mornings; tiffins, teas, and bridge parties in the afternoons; dinners with dancing or more bridge at night; shopping, sight-seeing, or entertaining kept us busy all the time. The truth was, we were homesick, lonesome, strange to the country, so we rushed about madly to forget it.

JAPANESE FISHING-BOAT

FUJIYAMA

We began directly after breakfast with an interview with the cook, who had to know how many guests for tiffin, tea, or dinner, or whether we were dining out. It was one or the other, for there were always people coming through on steamers, either old friends or folks with letters of introduction from back home, who must be looked out for. Some were delightful, with full budgets of news and interesting comment on affairs at home with which we were sadly out of touch; others were vapidly enthusiastic over the curiosities that were a matter of course to us, like the sweet young thing who asked a friend of mine, an Englishman who had been born in Japan, 'How does it happen that you speak English so well?' as though she expected him to talk with a Japanese accent.

One man turned up for tiffin one day with a letter from acquaintances back home and paralyzed me by remarking as I shook hands: 'Just saw the most charming little Elemental under the fir tree in your garden! . . . little earth spirit, you know. You've never seen them? Well, perhaps you are not on the right plane yet!' It developed that he was en route to join Annie Besant in India, and all through tiffin he regaled us with his reminiscences of five separate incarnations which he could remember!

If strangers were not in town between steamers

we were having the Joneses to dinner because they had had us a fortnight before. We kept elaborate engagement-books; the woman who did not have every blank filled for at least three weeks ahead was either a chronic invalid or a hopeless social blight.

While I was taking up such matters with the cook, or arguing about the latest atrocities of the kanjo (household bills), the boy would bring in the day's harvest of 'chits' which were arriving per coolie at the kitchen entrance; and while I answered them, coolies and servants squatted in my kitchen over a cup of tea and a pipe to exchange the gossip of the Bluff. They knew what time their Dana San had come home from the Club the night before; which young bachelor had had tea with whom; which Oku San had a new dress from home; who was going to have a baby. Talk about goldfish! They live in piscatorial seclusion compared to us of the Bluff under the espionage of our servants!

But while the gabble goes on in the kitchen, I am looking over the chits to arrange my programme. A chit-book may be as fascinating and illuminating as an old diary. In appearance it is merely a little leather-bound book with a pocket in one cover into which you tuck a note for a friend, and a sheaf of blank pages neatly ruled in squares. In one square you write the name of the friend to whom your note

is addressed. Her 'boy' stamps his red seal against the name when he receives the chit, and the friend writes her answer briefly in the square. Your coolie trots home with the book and you have your answer.

However, as you have sent out perhaps twenty chits that morning, each addressee has the opportunity to read the answers of others before she writes her own. It is really most convenient. For instance, some one is giving a dinner-party and sends out twelve chits in the same book; when the chit-book comes to you, you read the names and answers of the other invitees and can decide whether or not you like the company and shall accept or decline. Also, if you have a vindictive nature which leads you to suspect that some friend is not inviting you to her choicest parties, when her chit-book comes to you on some ordinary matter, like a date for a tennis game, you can look back through the pages of answers. Aha! You have found her out! On the eighteenth she sent out sixteen chits to 'the very best people.' You read over the answers . . . 'Thank you . . . charmed . . . delighted to accept for dinner'; undoubtedly a first-class dinner-party to which you were not asked. Very well, the next time you entertain, her name will be conspicuously absent in revenge.

We used chit-books in place of telephones which

were rare luxuries on the Bluff. The telephone system of Japan was so far in arrears that if you applied formally to the Government Bureau to have a telephone installed, your application might wait for fifteen years before your turn arrived. Japanese often applied for a telephone in the name of one of their children as an investment, figuring that when the child received the telephone he would be about ready to set up in business on the tidy sum received by selling the telephone. There were brokers who made a business of buying up applications for telephones and farming them out as they came due; business houses to whom prompt installation was a necessity often paid a bonus of a couple of thousand yen to a broker.

Under these circumstances, there were not twelve telephones to be found amongst the three hundred houses on the Bluff and chit-books filled their places. To be elegant one kept a coolie in neat blue cotton livery who did nothing but run about with chits. Some people sent their chauffeurs, although it was not very satisfactory, as the chauffeurs felt the business beneath their dignity and were apt to go joy-riding while their answers waited. Penurious souls persuaded an amah to take the chits after her work in the house was done, but the amahs had so many friends along the road and clumped so slowly with

their pigeon-toed gait on their wooden geta that it was slow business. The commonest method was to engage a rikisha coolie from the nearest stand at so much an hour; for fifty sen (an American two bits) one could send ten chits.

The extraordinary thing about the whole procedure, to me, was the fidelity and honesty with which the various emissaries performed their task. I never knew of a chit being lost, nor of anything being pilfered en route, though we used to send money, flowers, candy, books, all kinds of things, by chit; undoubtedly the Japanese are fundamentally honest with high respect for other people's belongings.

Every morning and afternoon the yubinya (postman) in his ill-fitting blue uniform trotted past the house with a leather bag of letters slung over his shoulder, but we rarely patronized the mail service. I don't suppose we had any right to complain of the slowness of delivery or the frequency with which letters failed to reach their destination, for we could hardly expect underpaid clerks, who received fifteen dollars a month for the support of themselves and their families, to be expert at reading English script; nor were we ourselves capable of addressing the letters in Japanese calligraphy. For their own people, the Japanese Post-Office probably renders quite adequate service, and perhaps, in America, postal clerks

would find it difficult to deliver promptly a letter addressed in Japanese or Armenian or Russian.

Still, I had one experience with the United States Post-Office that demonstrated an unusual degree of efficiency. Before I went to Japan, it had been my duty to take the family's collars to a Chinaman on the corner. He was a cheery soul and we became rather friendly in our brief conversations; I remember he gave me a bowl of lilies in blossom and a jade bracelet one New Year's, embarrassing me considerably, as I had not the ghost of an idea what etiquette prescribed for me to give him in return. My Chinaman owned a restaurant also, which he sold for thirteen thousand dollars, and departed for China to see what the old country looked like with trolley-cars in the streets. He sent me a postal addressed naïvely to 'Miss Geoffrey. U.S. Nahg. America.' The Dead Letter Office secured the address from my brother in the Navy, and delivered the postal card.

I did not duplicate that experience in Japan. Our mail was all addressed to a lock box at the post-office, and we furnished our friends at home with stickers printed with our Japanese address; yet I have found a letter, properly addressed to the lock box, stuck up on the bulletin board inscribed 'Address unknown. Unclaimed.'

In Tokyo, after a number of letters had been found floating on the shore of the bay, newspapers reported that the postman to whose route the letters were destined, had confessed frankly: 'Every day too many letters. Impossible to deliver them. Shameful to return them to Post-Office. Expedient to deposit them in water!'

I have a suspicion that the vexing handwriting of foreigners was not the only excuse for the slowness of Japanese mails, because Hokusai, who caricatured so many of the oddities of life of his time, has left a delightful drawing entitled 'The Quick Postman.' It shows a postman, with his letters slung in a bundle at the end of a stick, sound asleep amid a tangle of cobwebs, while a man in the foreground, presumably impatient for his mail, is vigorously clearing away the spider meshes with a broom of twigs.

I left myself sitting at the desk, several pages ago, looking over the morning's chits. Never mind; that is typical of life in Japan. We had no rigid schedule and there was always leisure to pursue any course that presented itself. If we ordered a dress from the tailor, we never expected it to be done when promised; if we gave a luncheon, some one was sure to be about an hour late. We lived in Lotus Land.

CHAPTER VIII

WHIMSEYS OF NATURE IN NIPPON

GREAT changes have come over Japan since Perry's black ships dropped anchor in Mississippi Bay in 1853; the new era of industrialism will bring yet greater as it cleaves social strata and changes home and political institutions; but there is one element which will remain constant, defying any influence to affect it. The Japanese climate will be as uncertain, as aggravating, and as charming centuries hence as it was a thousand years ago.

Arrive in Japan during the rainy season, as I did, and you will swear there never was such a disagreeable climate. During the nyubai, for six weeks on end, the warm gentle rain falls incessantly night and day, and the gray mists curl and wreathe like gauze drops on a stage, now revealing a glimpse of straw-thatched cottages in terraced valleys, again hiding all in monotonous damp obscurity. The only proper costume is a raincoat and rubber boots, for the roads become quagmires while the rikisha-men have their heyday, even though they must splash through liquid mud that bespatters them to the thighs.

The nyubai is the despair of housekeepers, for not

only is the weather damp, but stifling warm. Shoes in the closet sprout green beards unless polished daily. Kid gloves must be hermetically sealed in Mason jars. Woolen clothes mildew and silk dresses split in ribbons hanging in the wardrobe; that is, imported silks do on account of their 'loading.' Some of my dresses brought from America were in rags before I had worn them once, and I had to solace myself by having them cleverly copied by native tailors in pure Japanese silks which resist the onslaughts of the climate.

Each book in the library had to be taken from the shelves daily and wiped dry; wall-paper peeled dejectedly from the walls; and the entire stock of household linen was spread out frequently in a room warmed by a hibachi of charcoal to prevent mildew. However, while we mourned for our clothes and looked wistfully at our tennis rackets shut up in presses, the peasants rejoiced in the rain which sent pale green rows of rice pricking up through the inundated paddies in promise of goodly harvests.

Walking home from Kamakura one night at the close of the nyubai, a full moon suddenly broke through the clouds. We were in a small valley terraced in thirty different levels of patchwork rice paddies, level to the tops of the mud dikes with clear water. Around us rose wooded heights of

bamboo, above rode the great round moon, and in each of the hundreds of tiny patches of water, by some curious optical illusion, swam a perfect yellow moon. I felt as though bewitched, but later discovered an old print by Hiroshige of a full moon on a landscape, and to my comfort saw that the master artist had also seen a moon in each tiny mirror of water.

After the nyubai suddenly come the dogdays, still oppressive with humidity, but glorious with clear burning sunshine. We foreigners needed unwieldy sun helmets and starched linen clothes; even the babies playing in absurd little white helmets that gave them the appearance of animated mushrooms as they bobbed about; but the Japanese luxuriated in the heat, stripping off clothes with abandon and thus peopling the landscape with beautiful bronze statues. Neither hair nor knotted muscles mar the silky perfection of the Japanese body, and their diet of rice rounds out the limbs to statuesque perfection.

Two months of humid heat, which stripped us of ambition and energy, and then the typhoon season was upon us. Eight or ten times in the month of September the conical baskets would be hoisted in warning at the harbor's edge; for a few hours the atmosphere would be ominous with tingling, clammy

heat . . . and then would come the great wind.

A typhoon is a consummate stage manager. It compels attention and fearful anticipation by the hours of electrical calm which set one's scalp to tingling and nerves to jangling, and then from the first hot gust it sweeps majestically up to a crescendo of howling wind and driving, blinding rain. Trees swish and bend, flinging tortured branches against the sky; men in the street fall to hands and knees to crawl against those terrible blasts. In the house, huddled behind closed shutters, we fearfully watched the walls bend in and six-inch joists sway nearly a foot out of plumb under the impact of the wind, while tiles and chimneys filled the air with death-dealing missiles.

Suddenly a death-like pause comes. In the eerie gloom of the barricaded house we glance apprehensively at one another, afraid to break that uncanny silence. A thick sweat breaks out upon everything in the room, even the mirrors are shrouded with the steamy moisture. We are in the vortex of the typhoon, in a pocket of tropical air brought by the whirling storm straight from the South Seas.

Then, with a swoop and howl, the other side of the typhoon envelops us, wind and rain again filling the world, but now diminishing as the track of the typhoon moves northward, until presently the

storm is over and we venture out into the bedraggled garden to take stock of the damage.

When typhoon warnings are hoisted, small boats and even many freighters lie up in the harbor, safe behind the breakwater, until its fury is spent; but the famous Empress boats of the Canadian Pacific Line are never known to delay a scheduled sailing. It happened during one storm that the Empress of Asia had just left Yokohama, bound for Vancouver, while her sister ship, the Empress of Russia, was almost due in Yokohama coming from Canada. The two passed at sea, three hundred and fifty miles apart, and exchanged radio messages. Going in opposite directions, the two ships nevertheless sent to one another identical messages: 'Heading directly into a ninety-mile gale.' It was the layman's perfect illustration of the circular form of the whirling typhoon.

October, November, and December were the most delightful months of the year, with clear blue skies and bracing air. January, February, and sometimes March kept us shivering in the house with a damp biting cold that felt much worse than the thirty to thirty-five degrees registered on the thermometer. Snow came seldom to Yokohama, but there was rain and frost to make the roads muddy.

In the winter months we threw æsthetics to the

wind and placed small sheet-iron stoves in our living-rooms to help out the open grates whose heat went chiefly up the chimney; but our Japanese neighbors shivered on stormy days, huddling around hibachi to warm their wrists over the couple of sticks of glowing charcoal.

Seeing the beneficence of the sun in Japan, I began to understand why in the dim ages of superstition the Japanese worshiped it, so that to-day the sun-goddess is venerated as the ancestress of the imperial line, and the red sun ball appears on the flag. The sun is ardently courted; Japanese houses being always built to face the south with a blank wall at the north to bar out the cold. Our little house at Honmoku was built like an L facing the south, so that on the sharpest winter day the garden in the lee was a pool of sunshine in which the babies could eat tiffin outdoors. In my neighbors' homes, the women would all be sitting in the sunshine on the roka (veranda), grandmothers dandling the babies, mothers busy at the eternal sewing.

However, mercifully, spring came early in Japan. By March the plum trees, first of the flower year, were in blossom, and by April we could bring out summer dresses and go a-picnicking in our playtime before the mists of the nyubai closed around us at the end of May.

Earthquakes were the one factor which could be relied upon, in season and out, the year round. In bed, at the table, on the street, suddenly the world would begin to rock around us, ominous sounds to assail our ears. Scientists say that there are three quakes a day on the average throughout Japan, so naturally we soon came to take them as philosophically as do the Japanese, who discount them by building in a style that will resist earth tremors. The old fashion, still followed in typical Japanese houses, was to place the rounded end of main joists in a hollow stone post sunk in the earth, a sort of ball-and-socket joint which permitted the whole structure to sway alarmingly, but with comparative safety. The new style is special reinforced steel and concrete construction whose worth was first demonstrated in large office buildings and the new Imperial Hotel at Tokyo during the great earthquake of 1923.

Shigata ga nai ('there is nothing to be done about it'), that standby of Japanese philosophy, is surely most appropriate in reference to an earthquake. Fires may be fought with water; rain kept off by an umbrella; floods escaped by immediate flight: but in an earthquake, puny mortals can do nothing but wait until Nature is pleased to calm herself.

Panic-stricken folks as a rule feel that they must do something, but often run into greater danger

thereby. It is little use running out of a tottering house into a street filled with flying tiles and falling walls. In one mild earthquake in Yokohama the only casualty was a man who jumped through a window in his haste to get outside, and thereby broke his leg.

I remember one night during an earthquake, when our house was groaning and creaking till it seemed it must come down on our heads, that I sat in a rocking-chair throughout the performance, which lasted perhaps four minutes, carrying on a heated and utterly absurd argument with Dana San. He wanted to take up our sleeping infants and carry them into the garden. I insisted that they would get pneumonia, as it was bitterly cold with a strong wind blowing. Before either had carried the day, we suddenly realized that perfect peace reigned around us, and naturally felt rather silly.

In the neighborhood of Yokohama the shocks as a rule seemed to be a horizontal rather than a vertical thrust, with the walls of the house swaying back and forth so that clocks stopped and vases were thrown from the shelves. Walking outdoors, all the fences and trees seemed to wave back and forth drunkenly, so much so sometimes as to give people a touch of sea-sickness on land.

Off the southeastern coast of Japan lies one of the

deepest parts of the ocean, more than five miles of bottomless water having been obtained in soundings; and the theory seems to be that Nature is constantly trying to adjust the equilibrium between the weight of the water and that of the land, although the old Japanese legend says that the Island Empire is borne upon the back of a giant tortoise who gets weary of standing still.

One of the worst features of earthquakes near the coast is the tremendous tidal waves which sweep in after an earthquake. The immense Dai Butsu of bronze at Kamakura illustrates the severity of these 'o nami' as they are called, for in the fourteenth century, when Kamakura was the seat of the Shogun, the Dai Butsu stood in a noble temple far inland. A tidal wave inundated the region, demolishing the temple, whose stone pillars may still be traced around the statue, and only the impassive figure of Buddha remained brooding over the chaos.

On a calm summer day, I have seen a succession of enormous waves sweep through the harbor mouth fourteen miles distant and race across the bay to break on the sea-wall with such force as to fling a solid wall of spray on our house fifty feet distant. It was generally accepted that these were the result of an earthquake somewhere out at sea. However, in the summer I have kept a record which showed that

a series of such waves in an otherwise calm sea coincided with the full moon month after month.

About once in a generation the giant tortoise gathers himself for a super-shake like that of Nagoya in 1891 and Yokohama in 1923. Then fire and famine follow hard upon the heels of the quake in the devastated area, and fearful suffering results. A friend of mine who did relief work in the quake of '91 told me a story which he substantiated by showing me a photograph. In the ruins of an isolated farmhouse they found the dead body of a young man and an old woman who was a living corpse from hunger and paralysis from injury under falling walls. Pointing to a black streak on the ground a few yards away, she told them that at the time of the earthquake she had been sitting on the roka with her daughter-in-law who was dressing her hair. A few feet away played her little grandchild. With the first shock the farmyard wall collapsed, burying her son, while a great crack opened in the earth under the feet of the baby. The young mother running forward saw that there was a ledge, perhaps of rock, about six feet down, on which the child had fallen. Calling to the old woman to come take the child as she held it up, the girl slipped down into the yawning crevasse, but as she reached for the child, the earth shuddered again, closing together as suddenly

as it had opened, burying child and mother alive.

The photograph showed the ground, rough as though stirred by frosts, with a long tress of silky black hair flowing over the surface.

The most poignant tragedy of which I heard in an earthquake was the case of a couple who lived in an apartment over their shop in a brick building. They were eating lunch when the building collapsed, carrying them down with it to the ground. The husband extricated himself and then sought for his wife. He found her beneath a heap of mortar and bricks, but, after he had freed her head and shoulders, he discovered a beam across her back which he could in no manner lift enough to release her. He begged assistance from other refugees, but every one was intent upon his own escape or looking for his own loved ones. The man had to stand by powerless while the creeping flames burned his wife alive before his eyes.

Such tragedies are too horrible to contemplate; let me tell instead of the most impressive earthquake of my experience. It was in the Hakone mountains; we had stopped for tea at the crest of a pass and were sitting in a little pavilion built on the edge of the cliff with a wonderful view of mountains before us.

Suddenly the usual rumbling sound began to echo

from the peaks and valleys that ringed us in, and the china tea-cups on the tray, which was placed on a tree-trunk sawed off to form a rustic table, began to dance up and down as though they had come to life. It lasted only a minute or two, but the thought of forces powerful enough to move those high mountains, tons upon tons of solid rock and earth, was overwhelming. Reverently the words came to my mind:

'Why leap ye so, ye high hills?'

CHAPTER IX

OKU SAN MAKES ACQUAINTANCES

I WISH that I might have made a moving-picture record of the many interesting people who crossed the threshold of our house on the Bluff. The community was so circumscribed that we knew all about everybody, and their life-stories were often like snatches from novels.

One Spaniard, whose face was so seamed and bronzed that it might have been hewed from a block of wood, had spent years in the Foreign Legion, and the incident that drove him to enlist in that Battalion of Lost Souls sounded like a problem from a drama. When a young man, just engaged to a beautiful girl, he had taken his fiancée and her mother rowing on Lake Como. A sudden squall coming up overturned the boat, plunging them all into the water some distance from the shore. The Spaniard, struggling in that welter of wind and waves. had forced upon him the dreadful decision as to which woman he should save, for neither could swim. He told me, in Yokohama, that the thought flashed through his mind that his fiancée would never forgive him if he had let her mother drown, so he

FOREIGNERS AT PLAY AT 'THE BLUFF,' YOKOHAMA

dived first for the elderly woman and carried her to the overturned boat. Returning for the girl he loved, he found that she had gone down for the last time; he could find no trace of her body.

I knew a woman in Yokohama, mother of six children, to whom she devoted herself fanatically. Her clothes were mere decent coverings, devoid of color or style; her luxuriant blonde hair was dragged back from her face in a careless knot; she accepted no invitations. In the garden of her house, where she sat for hours watching her children play, stood a wonderful bronze bust, the work of a famous sculptor whose work some considered the equal of Rodin's. She showed me albums filled with sketches, studies, and photographs of finished statues, saying wistfully, her fingers indicating a beautiful statue of a woman's figure with glorious waves of hair cascading down her back: 'You wouldn't think, to look at me now, that I was the model when my brother made that figure.'

She had lived with her brother, sharing his enthusiasm, meeting his artist friends, serving as a model and inspiration for his work. Now Motherhood had effaced her beauty, elbowed all interest in art from her life; yet she was utterly content, cuddling her tow-headed babies with the divine expression of a Madonna.

One night, at the house of an American business man who in twenty-five years had built up a large utility corporation in Japan and amassed a considerable collection of Japanese porcelains, I saw some beautiful plates decorated with fans and flowers.

'Nabeshima ware,' said my host. 'In the old days it was made only for the daimiyo of Nabeshima who sent it to the Emperor or his friends for presents.'

Into my mind flashed the picture of patient potters bending over the work, fine brush in hand, as they etched the beautiful designs, a new design for each piece, to be delivered to their master and carried with him when he went in his palanquin up the old Tokaido, accompanied by his procession of burden-bearers and two-sworded samurai to the Shogun's Court at Yedo. Strangely enough, when I went a few weeks later to the Emperor's Garden Party to view the cherry blossoms, the Japanese major in army uniform who took me to the pavilion for refreshments, his sword clanking as he bustled about to fetch me champagne and chicken in aspic, was the Viscount Nabeshima himself. Urbane, well-educated, he sat opposite me chatting easily in French, and little knew how he linked for me modern Japan in khaki uniform with the old feudal era when his ancestors in queue and brocades were lords of a province and patrons of the arts.

My amahs told me one day early in 1918 that a family of Russians had moved into the house next door. 'And they have no servants, Oku San,' marveled my little maids. Foreigners without a staff of six or seven servants were unheard of at that time, though as the Russian influx mounted it became more common, as the Russians often arrived in Japan practically penniless and there was little work to be had that a white man cared to do. Thousands of noble-born men and women made their toilsome way, with hair-raising escapes and fearful privations, across Siberia to settle in Japan where they dreamed, and sometimes put into ill-fated execution, plots for regaining their own country.

The days of Bonny Prince Charlie, when ragged Jacobites foregathered in France to dream of revenge and restoration, were reënacted in Japan, which, like France of three hundred years ago, provided Russian aristocracy with a convenient neutral refuge.

Exquisite music echoed from the house next door, but like all houses in Japan, it was surrounded by a high wall, so I did not catch sight of my neighbors for some time. Walking past one day, I noticed a picture frame fastened to the gatepost by a padlock; under the glass on a square of black velvet were displayed several pieces of old-fashioned jewelry with a notice 'For Sale.'

Another day the frame held some water-color sketches; later yet, a few old postage stamps. Day by day the articles displayed became more trivial; my neighbors, growing poorer and poorer, were driven by necessity to sell their belongings for bread.

Then I went to the Gayety Theater to a concert at which a 'Well-known Moscow Pianist' was advertised. Music-lovers in Japan were few; the audience was disappointing. The pianist, a tall blond young man with tragic, deep-set eyes, played Chopin, Tschaikowsky, Rachmaninoff, with brilliant technique and deep feeling. He encored with pleasing compositions of his own.

After the third number he brought two chairs onto the stage, escorting to a seat in one of them a gray-haired old lady, erect as a ramrod, who folded her arms and eyed the audience with lips set grimly as though daring them to laugh at her and have their heads chopped off for their pains. The pianist had gone back to the wings and now returned tenderly supporting a frail, hunchbacked girl in a dress of limp white stuff. The girl stood, pitifully awry, grasping the back of the vacant chair while she sang to the accompaniment of the blond pianist. Her voice was sweet but small, and she kept her eyes appealingly upon the stern old duenna for encouragement.

After the concert, the audience evaporated in haste, but I sensed something tragic behind the farce of a hunchbacked prima donna and stayed to speak to the trio on the stage.

The old mother was arrogantly hostile as I approached, the girl painfully shy; but they thawed out when I praised the music, and it developed that they were my neighbors in the house of the picture frame. In a novel their story would have been a 'best seller'; in real life it was a dreary tragedy lived in obscurity.

The proud old dowager was Baroness Vietinghoff; her son, the Baron, had been a well-known amateur of music, a premier student at the Moscow Conservatory. He, his bride and baby, lived on the family estate with the mother and crippled sister. Just before the Revolution, the Baroness's sister, who was married to an American, returned to Russia for a visit, and, finding the young mother upset over war conditions, proposed that she and the baby should make a visit to America for a change. Before letters could reach Russia telling of their safe arrival, the Revolution broke out.

The old estate was sacked; the Baron barely able to get his mother and sister away before the mob caught them. Their home and belongings were all burned and the long months of painful journeying

across Siberia to Yokohama exhausted what money and jewels they had saved.

They were at length stranded in Yokohama with no resources and no way of finding the wife and child of the young Baron, for they did not know the town in America to which she had gone nor the name of the man the aunt had married. It seemed incredible when they first told me, but they explained it quite naturally.

'Your American names are so queer; they are as hard for us to remember as Russian is for you. And when our aunt was visiting us we called her always by her own name, as we Russians do, Anna Androvna, Anna, daughter of Andrew, you know.'

They lived for one object; to get together enough money for passage to America, believing pathetically that once there they should somehow find her. And so, trampling down their hereditary pride, they hung the picture frame on the gate to advertise their poverty to all the world; the haughty old Baroness humbled herself to sit upon a public platform while her crippled daughter sang plaintive songs to a callous audience; and the talented Baron taught scales and finger exercises for a pittance.

One American who had lived for years on the Bluff ought to have been a character in a novel by Conrad. He was practically isolated from other for-

eigners because of his reputation of pursuing the occupation of a human ghoul. Old-timers, gossiping over a long glass of whiskey-and-soda, would tell you that the worthy gentleman had made a living for years by locating 'down-and-out' foreigners to nurse through their last illness. Perhaps he would get track of some 'beachcomber,' a man of good family who had left home under dubious circumstances and was drinking himself to death in native dives.

The Philanthropist would take him to his own home, and, after his death, provide a fine funeral for him, hiring a professional photographer to take a picture of the corpse laid out in the midst of floral tributes with the Philanthropist standing bowed with grief beside it. Photograph and pathetic letter retailing the harrowing account of the last words of the dead man would then be sent to his family at home with a neat little memorandum of what the illness and funeral had cost. The family at home seldom failed to reimburse the Philanthropist for his generous assistance to their black sheep.

However, the Philanthropist overstepped himself once when he got hold of a man possessed of a little money, nursed him through a lingering illness and after his death produced a will leaving everything to the Philanthropist. That was more than the com-

munity could stand. A lawyer hunted up a half-caste child of the dead man and broke the will. It nearly 'broke' the Philanthropist to disgorge his inherited money.

CHAPTER X

HEATHEN AND CHRISTIAN NURSEMAIDS

FOREIGNERS can cite, often with justice, instance after instance of Japanese extortion or chicanery; to hear a group of old residents, one would think there was neither honor nor virtue among Japanese merchants or servants; but I am convinced the sly tricks which have given Japanese a bad name for years were learned from the foreigners who in the old days were not above driving sharp bargains in order to reap large profits.

For instance, Japanese servants undoubtedly make tremendous 'squeezes' on the household bills, yet if the early foreign residents had paid a living wage to their servants the reprehensible custom, unknown in native families, would not have arisen. Townsend Harris, the first American Envoy to Japan, in his journal speaks with satisfaction of having arranged to his own liking by protracted negotiations the official standard of wages for his Japanese servants.

In those days all contracts and agreements were made through the Governor of the province, so Harris had several interviews with that dignitary about

the servants who should be supplied to him, and the wages to be paid them. It was finally agreed that for five Japanese menservants, Harris should pay a total of $132 per annum, the men to clothe, board, and lodge themselves; for 19 kobang ($26) he bought a horse, and to the groom who cared for the horse and ran beside it like a coach dog whenever Harris rode out, he paid the extravagant salary of seven bu, which amounted to $1.75 a month. Yet, when this penurious arrangement went into effect, Harris had with him four Chinese servants, brought from China, whom he not only supplied with board and lodging, but paid to them a salary of $700 a year, five times as much as he paid his Japanese servants.

The rate of exchange for American and Japanese coins not being settled, Harris ran accounts until about the time he arranged the servants' wages, his bills for the first year were presented. Before paying them, he made terms of exchange finally, and there is an entry in his journal giving an estimate of his expenses for the year, including wages to his servants, with this naïve note attached: 'If I had not carried my point with the Japanese about the rate of exchange, I should not have been able to live on my salary.'

Naturally, such an economical plenipotentiary brought about a scale of wages to be paid by foreign-

ers to Japanese servants whose benefit is still felt, though the 'good old days' when you hired a groom for $1.75 a month vanished before the War. An old Swiss importer who had lived in Japan for thirty-five years told me that in 1885 he hired a five-room, furnished bungalow for ten dollars a month, paid his cook eight yen and his 'boy,' who was butler and valet combined, six yen a month. A yen is nominally the equivalent of one American half-dollar.

During the War wages went up so considerably that we heard bitter complaints from the old residents about the increase demanded by servants. An excellent 'boy,' corresponding to the butler at home, received sixty yen; a cook from forty-five to sixty yen; and the little women amahs drew from twenty to thirty yen monthly. In spite of the old-timers' grumblings, a newcomer found such wages a profound relief, for they were a fourth of what we paid at home for service not nearly so efficient.

Out of their wages the servants bought their own food, clothing, and furniture, although we gave them quarters rent-free, as behind every house stood a row of one-story cottages, rather like the 'Offices' and servants' quarters on a Southern plantation 'befo' the wah.' The kitchen was connected with the house by a covered passageway; then came the

coal house, and beyond that a long barracks where the servants lived.

Each one had one room ostensibly, but the married servants generally tucked a whole family into one room. Often the wife of your 'boy' would be your upstairs amah, who, between her duties in the house, cooked the 'boy's' meals, made his kimono, and cared for her children. The furniture generally consisted of four tatami, the thick straw mats which served for seats by day and beds at night; a six-inch high table on which they ate their rice; a couple of tansu, which were brassbound chests of drawers made in sections of two drawers each with brass rings to carry them by, slung on a pole, when the family moved, and a small household shrine affixed on a high shelf.

The servants' day began about five when they rose to heat our bath, clean the house, and prepare and serve our breakfast, but at nine they disappeared into their own quarters and it took diligent ringing of the bell to bring one of them out again during the next two hours. Over shichirin (tiny little earthenware charcoal brasiers) the women boiled rice for the asahan (breakfast) while the children scurried about getting ready for school and the men stretched out on the tatami to ruin their eyes over the fine print of Japanese newspapers. There were no

'Thursdays off' for the servants; they worked week in, week out, but each evening they took turns at going down to the public baths, leaving one on guard to answer the bell from the house, and when they were back refreshed I could hear the pretty table amah, who was reputed to have trained for a geisha, but left to keep house for an Englishman, plucking her samisen and singing plaintive minor melodies in her high-pitched voice. The Japanese admire exaggerated falsetto, but Matsu San, in an impassioned love-song, sounded to me exactly like a pig under a gate.

White servants lead a miserable existence in Japan, for they have no one to associate with. Occasionally a foreign nurse or governess will travel out with a family, but they rarely stick at it long. One English family made a record by keeping their 'Nannie' for six years. They did it by catering to Nannie like a millionaire maiden aunt; in fact the man of the house used to escort Nannie, sedate in her bonnet with long streamers, to the rare performances of traveling road companies at the Gayety while his wife stayed at home with the babies. Nannie was always the pink of decorum on these little outings, but she refused to accept a ticket to go alone, as it was 'too lonesome-like.'

The kind-hearted but devastating English Rose,

mentioned in an earlier chapter, engaged my first servants for my husband before I arrived in Japan. The nucleus of the staff was Ah Ching, the Chinese cook, half-Japanese and half-Chinese, who served as international link between the Chinese women and a Japanese 'boy' and his wife who was the coolie amah, or Cinderella of the establishment. There were also two Japanese kurumaya, but, as they lived outside in the village, they were never really one of the little clique that ruled us.

The house servants, although they came most highly recommended, were a rare lot who had all passed on their several ways before the year was out.

I liked Ah Ching at first on account of her benign appearance. Her deeply wrinkled face shone with honesty and benevolence, her scanty black hair was fastened back in its braided loop with respectable gold clasps, and she wore immaculate blue blouses over her black silk trousers. Moreover, she kow-towed to me as though I were the Queen of Sheba, flattering me abominably and cooing over the baby like a doting grandmother whenever I was in the room.

Unfortunately, after a few weeks I discovered that she and the cook were consuming Dana San's beer at a great rate, while evenings in her little room Ah Ching was apt to be in a stuporous state which I

was not sure whether to attribute to beer or opium, so I began to look around for another amah. In a day or two, something happened which caused me to dismiss Ah Ching without ceremony. Returning early from a tea on account of a sudden headache, I came home unknown to the servants, and glanced out of my window into the garden where Ah Ching was just seating herself on a bench with the baby and a nursing-bottle. She thrust the bottle into the baby's mouth without first testing the temperature; evidently it was scalding hot, for the poor child screamed and thrust it away. Whereupon, Ah Ching, with an ugly expression worthy of a devil straight from hell, began beating the baby.

Ten minutes later, she loaded her bundles into a hastily summoned rikisha, and we saw Ah Ching no more.

Ah Lin, the second baby amah, was young, fat, phlegmatic, and good-natured, so that the babies liked her and she stayed with us until cold weather came. With the first cold winds, Ah Lin's presence became first subtly, then openly, finally overwhelmingly, pervasive; a little intimate investigation disclosed that Ah Lin, putting on everything she owned, had sewed herself up for the winter in fur-lined trousers and blouse. She said she would catch cold if she took a bath; I retorted that I should

suffocate if she did not. We parted company.

The half-breed cook was a wizened little man, perfectly bald, with his skin stretched tightly like yellow parchment over his skull, and a sly toothless smile. His cooking was excellent, but his kanjo (household accounts) which he brought me neatly written in phonetic English with a pidgeon-English flavor, such as 'rabster' for 'lobster,' added up to totals that were enormous.

As I learned the current prices from other women residents, I began to protest, with the result that Cook San became very contemptuous of my niggardly spirit and informed me that he was leaving because he could not make enough to support his family. I was paying the old rascal forty yen a month, the price he had stipulated himself, but he said to me coolly: 'I have six children, Oku San, and as I only make *one hundred and fifty yen a month* here, I cannot set up my eldest son in business, so I wish to go elsewhere to make more money.'

He suggested that he might remain if I would make an effort to entertain more lavishly, allowing him to make a larger 'squeeze,' but I did not feel inclined to support him in the style to which he was accustomed; so he, too, went his way.

CHAPTER XI

AT THE MERCY OF THE SERVANTS' GUILD

MY original house staff had now dwindled, like the Ten Little Indians, to the 'boy' and his wife.

Suzuki had a villainous face and a lazy disposition, but was always cheerful and polite and managed his wife so well that she did most of his work in addition to her own, so the house was not conspicuously neglected. Also he amused me considerably, and we are always inclined to be tolerant toward persons who add to the gayety of life, so Suzuki stayed with me nearly a year.

He began working for me in the summer, wearing a dignified black silk kimono and white tabi when on duty. Gradually the weather grew colder, till one November morning when I went downtown shopping there was a real nip in the air. Returning about noon, I rang the doorbell, and received a decided shock when the door was opened by Suzuki, bowing obsequiously, but clad in a brand-new fleece-lined union suit.

Suspecting that the man was drunk on sake, I shut myself up in the library until my husband came home for tiffin a few minutes later, when I told

him the incident, asking him to rebuke Suzuki properly. He rang the bell, and in an instant Suzuki presented himself at the library door, still in his boudoir costume.

'Look here, Suzuki,' began Dana San firmly, 'don't you ever dare to answer a bell in this house without being properly dressed.'

Freed from the wonted hobbles of his kimono, Suzuki fairly launched himself across the room; I was sure he was about to assault Dana San with some jiu-jitsu hold. Instead, he pulled up by the table, snatched a copy of the *Saturday Evening Post*, flipped over the pages rapidly and extended toward us a double-page advertisement of an airy gentleman promenading attired in a well-known brand of underwear.

'See, Dana San,' cried Suzuki dramatically. 'Bell ring, me all dressed. New clothes all the same as American Dana San. Very hi kara!'

'Hi kara' is Japanese slang, corrupted from 'high collar,' and refers to the days when Japanese dudes first affecting European clothes found linen collars high but uncomfortable after centuries of wearing open-throated kimono. Hence 'hi kara' is anything chic and imported; to Suzuki his new union suits, being the latest thing in winter clothes, as testified by *fashion plates*, were naturally hi kara.

Of course Suzuki took a great interest in my social career, for it gave him vicarious prestige at the nightly gossip in the bath-house to be able to retail that his Oku San visited with the best families. Yokohama society was formerly made up of resident representatives of the firms whose offices were in the Settlement at the foot of the Bluff; a man's social standing being largely determined by the reputation of his firm. The aristocracy of the American contingent was invariably headed by the wife of the manager of the American corporation, who lived, not on the Bluff, but in the beautiful apartment over the offices in the large white building on the Bund.

When I gave my first large tea, Suzuki appeared much gratified to learn that this lady had accepted. Dressed in his best kimono, his hair pungently pomaded, an ingratiating smile on his face, he made a point of serving first the table at which sat the lady. In his eagerness, his long sleeve caught on a chair, he slipped, and the cakes went rolling over the floor. It was a dismaying moment for a hostess, but I still had the ability to sympathize inwardly with Suzuki; inwardly and needlessly, for he was captain of his soul. Hastily ducking around among the table legs, Suzuki snatched up the cakes, dusted each one fastidiously on his sleeve, rearranged them on the plate, and with a deep bow presented them to the lady.

Need I say, that, being very much a lady, she smiled graciously and took one? I even think she would have martyred herself by eating it, if I had not begged her to throw it in the open fire.

Tome, the 'boy's' wife, was a pitiful little woman, although she never seemed to think her life hard. Being 'coolie amah,' she was up at five every morning to make the fire for our bath, scrub down the stairs and halls, and do the upstairs work once the family was up. She also kept house for herself and Suzuki and Tadao, their four-year-old boy, in their quarters in the compound, cooking their meals, making and laundering all their clothes, and looking after the child. As if this were not enough to occupy one small woman, Suzuki had her trained to do all of his work except the actual answering the bell and waiting on table; it was Tome who polished all the silver, rubbed up the brasses, arranged the flowers, ironed the table linen, and cut sandwiches at night, after the cook had gone to sleep, for evening card-parties.

Up at five, she never went to bed before midnight, yet all day long she smiled and trotted on never-wearied feet, with time to stop for a minute's play with my babies whom she adored. She was so tiny that my year-and-a-half-old baby reached above her waist, but when in the late afternoon she slipped

down the hill to the bath, she would 'ombu' her great four-year-old Tadao on her back, because if she made him walk he yelled and beat her with his fists. Japanese menfolk learn early to exact service from their women.

One day I noticed that Tadao was not playing in the garden; Tome, when questioned, said he had hurt himself in a fall, so I sent for a doctor, paying the bill myself. Tome told me the doctor said the child should lie quiet for several days, and as she demurred when I offered to visit him, and it was not customary to intrude in servants' quarters, the affair dragged on another couple of days.

Finally I went to see the little chap, in spite of Tome's protestations, and found him lying on the tatami, burning with fever, gasping for breath, raving hoarsely in delirium. Even before the hastily summoned health authorities arrived, I recognized that the child had diphtheria, and Tome admitted to the efficient health physician who took both of them off to the isolation hospital that she had known it herself. In her ignorance, she had had no conception of the terrible risk to which she had subjected my babies by going straight from her sick child to fondle them.

When I supervised the fumigation of her room, I found an astonishing quantity of nice things from

my house tucked away, so I told Suzuki that he had better leave at the end of the month. Because, as a result of what he considered to be an unwarranted investigation of his room, Tome had been quarantined, forcing him to do his own work, Suzuki was quite peevish and flatly refused to be 'fired.' I had to call a police officer to eject him and silence his threats of revenge; and learned from the white-gloved Junsa San that he was a thoroughly disreputable fellow with a long police record.

The Japanese police have a difficult problem in protecting foreigners from this unscrupulous class of English-speaking servants, of whom many have police records and most are dishonest. They could not obtain a position with a Japanese family, and are found only in port cities like Kobe and Yokohama where they organize in guilds and conspire together to get high wages and sinecure positions.

A friend of mine hired a large house with its staff of servants; then went to the mountains for the summer with her children, leaving the servants to keep house for her husband. After her return a few months later, a police officer called to hand her a number of things: amber beads, valuable vases, and old brocades.

'Why, where did you get these?' she asked. 'I had not even missed them.'

'We noticed them in the possession of a man formerly your servant, but dismissed by your husband, so we took them away from him,' answered the Junsa San, demonstrating the strict supervision exercised by the Japanese police on suspicious characters.

Until one learned to speak Japanese, one was at the mercy of this clique of servants. Letters of recommendation meant absolutely nothing for they were pooled to be borrowed from the head of the guild whenever an applicant set out to secure a position. Foreign okusans frequently were handed by a new servant a 'character' which they themselves had written years before for quite a different individual. Foreigners who tried to keep the rascals within bounds were apt to find themselves servantless, while, if they discharged an employee without a good letter of recommendation, they would be boycotted. One American woman was chased out of her kitchen by the cook with a butcher's knife because she had complained about his work. Her husband ordered the man off the place summarily — and for six weeks, till they could obtain some servants from China, they were boycotted. Not a servant would go near them, and the lady had plenty of time to learn the ins and outs of her own kitchen.

Petty blackmail was another profitable avocation of some of these servants, as through their underground intelligence system they kept accurate tabs on all the doings of the Bluff, even the most harmless.

One morning at seven I saw the Empress of Asia off the breakwater, having come in during the night, although she was not due till noon. Some friends of ours were on board, so we decided to have breakfast on the ship with them. We dressed, left the house without being seen, and walked down to the pier two miles away, yet, when we came off the ship after breakfast, our two rikisha men were waiting for us.

'How on earth did you know where I was?' I asked of Usui.

'Very easy, Oku San. I asked other rikisha men who had seen you pass till I learned from the last that you were on the ship.'

My last English-speaking servant (for as soon as I could speak Japanese I would have nothing but country-bred natives) was Kiku San, who had had hospital training in a mission and was reputed to be the best baby amah in Japan. Every night she sang the babies to sleep with 'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,' while I, listening, would congratulate myself on having found such a nice Christian successor to

heathen Ah Ching, who smoked opium and beat the baby.

Because of her command of English, Kiku had traveled quite a bit with various families, and as she was very pretty and commanded extra high wages, she had been besieged with suitors. Apparently she acquired a new husband in every place where she sojourned, but she committed a fatal error of judgment in giving up traveling to stay with me in Yokohama. Her assorted husbands were hot on her trail, and three of them caught up with her. They arrived in my kitchen one evening simultaneously and celebrated the reunion by a rough-and-tumble fight with knives over the potential apportionment of Kiku's wages. During the fracas Kiku, with the wages, disappeared.

It is a great pity that this dubious fraternity has grown up in the port cities because it lends a lurid tinge to the foreigner's impression of Japan. And it is particularly deplorable because the foreigners themselves are largely responsible for it. Townsend Harris and all the foreigners of all nationalities, who have followed his lead in paying small wages to their servants, undoubtedly fostered the dishonest custom of making a 'squeeze' out of the household bills. Arrogant Europeans, fresh from residence in India or China, where a kick was a command and it

was considered necessary to keep the natives in hand by harsh treatment, disgusted the gentle Japanese, who consider it obligatory themselves to treat a servant kindly; so that only the riff-raff cared to take service under foreigners.

Bachelors, who whiled away long exiles from home by establishing a home with little Mesdames Chrysanthèmes, à la Loti, emboldened and coarsened the little Japanese maids. I spent an afternoon at the seashore with a friend who brought her new amah to serve the picnic tea. After the tea, my friend said:

'That will do, Haru San, you may wait in the automobile.'

Haru waved her hand cheerily to us, calling over her shoulder:

'So rong, girus; have a good time! Don't do anything I wouldn't do and you'll be all right.'

The girl was not to blame; she had spent some months keeping house for a young bachelor up in the country, and it was easy to picture the amusement he had had in teaching her how to say 'Goodbye' in English.

All these causes have contributed to bring into being a class of servants shunned and despised by the Japanese, watched with apprehension by the police, and anathematized by the foreigners whom they serve. It is only after one has learned to speak

and understand the native language, employing genuine Japanese servants with no foreign training, that they can know how truly efficient, comfortable, and loyal Japanese servants can be.

CHAPTER XII

A B C IN JAPANESE

JAPANESE is a difficult language to master, but it was well worth the hours I spent upon it for the many advantages it gave me. Through knowing Japanese, I learned to appreciate many of the good points of Japanese character that otherwise might have escaped me; by speaking the language I saved much money; and through its knowledge I was freed from the tyranny of the English-speaking servants I have described in a foregoing chapter.

But it was no easy task; I spent at least an hour a day for four years under the supervision of teachers, and practiced diligently upon tradesmen, servants, and acquaintances I scraped in the villages. At various times I have studied French, German, Italian, Finnish, not to mention Latin, but Japanese was by far the most difficult of any; after four years, I had made just about as much progress as a Japanese schoolboy in the sixth grade, whereas an equal study of any other tongue should have made me as fluent at speaking and writing as a native.

The written language, of course, is far harder to master than the oral, for while a Japanese taking up

English has only twenty-six letters of the alphabet to learn, the American who studies Japanese must become acquainted first with two elementary alphabets of forty-six syllables each before he is ready to commence the study of writing the nine thousand-odd characters in the Japanese dictionary.

The worst of it is that each of those nine thousand 'words' is a separate picture made up of from two to sixteen brush strokes, and if you misplace a line by a hair's breadth you have misspelled the word. The Japanese laid in a large consignment of trouble for themselves when they borrowed the Chinese idea of picture writing!

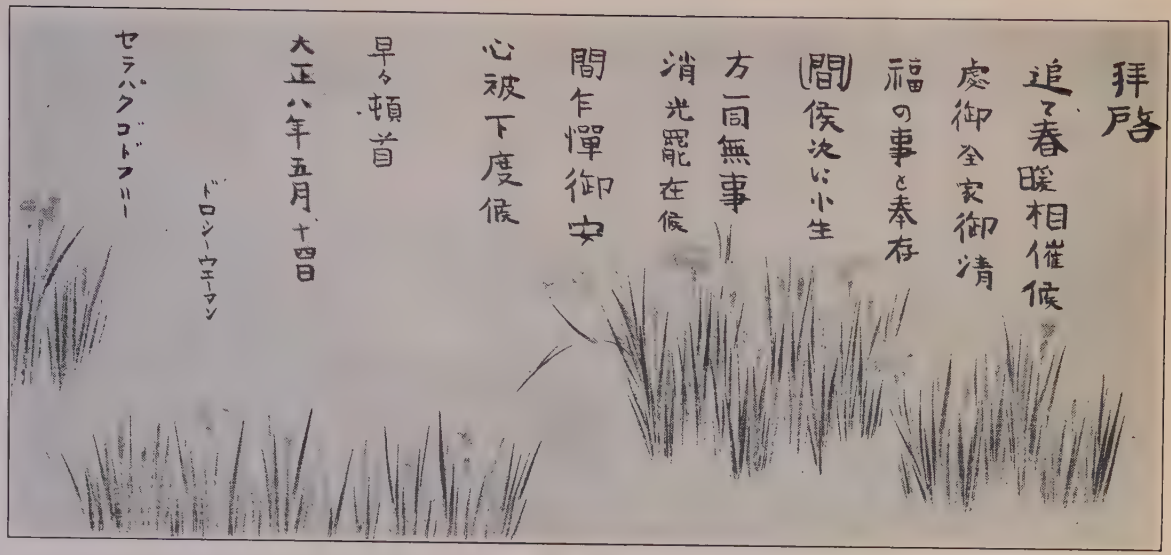
It is rather fun tracing the original rude pictures in the present conventionalized characters; some are still quite obvious. Thus, 'kuchi' (mouth) is a rough square representing an open mouth; 'hito' (man) in the beginning looked like a child's line drawing of a human figure, though it has been abbreviated gradually till nothing is left now but the two legs. 'Kita' (north) shows two men back to back because the north wind makes men huddle together to keep warm, and 'uma' (horse) has actually a neck, back, tail, and four dots beneath for the hoofs. Certain characters are so frankly naturalistic in their portrayal, that, for instance, if one stopped to think while tracing the lines for the word meaning

'mother,' one would blush and Anthony Comstock would undoubtedly burn the letter.

When I first plunged into the vagaries of Japanese writing, I thanked my stars for one time in my life that I was born a woman, for there is a special simplified syllabary, called 'Hiragana,' which is used by women and 'other uneducated persons' in place of the complicated Chinese characters. Japanese newspapers and popular books are printed in parallel columns of Chinese characters with translation into Hiragana.

I used to love the paraphernalia of my writing lessons: the thin rice paper in long rolls; the inkstone with its hollowed well for water in which one moistened the stick of perfumed ink before rubbing up a supply on the stone; and the fine hair brushes held daintily between thumb and forefinger, and shaped to a point between the lips. Whenever I see a Japanese writing now, I can still taste reminiscently the sweet, gritty flavor of the ink on my brush.

My first teacher was a refined Japanese widow whom I had to discharge, regretfully, because her breeding was so perfect that she could not bring herself to correct my glaring errors. She was followed by a reporter from a leading Japanese newspaper who spent most of his time picking up English from me and writing articles about me in the newspapers.



A LETTER WRITTEN BY OKU SAN FROM JAPAN

From their length and frequency, I judged that Hirose San was a correspondent on 'space rates.' Through his impassioned press-agenting, my life was made miserable dodging enterprising news photographers; fortunately, he was promoted to a post in another city, so I had to get another teacher.

Sakimoto proved to be an excellent master, and I made more progress under him than any of them. He claimed to be of ancient samurai family and was a retired army sergeant. 'Top sergeants' the world over are distinguished by the same stern manner, loud voice, and passion for perfection in details. Under his biting castigations I used to feel about ten years old and hopelessly stupid, but I learned. Sakimoto, swaggering in with his fierce mustache, black-and-white summer kimono, fan stuck in his obi, saw to it that I learned Japanese.

The Japanese, in all honesty, should admit frankly that their language is in reality four separate languages; but of course they never will, because it gives them too good an opportunity to crow over the brash foreigner who undertakes to learn their tongue. It is not a difference of etymology, but of courtesy that distinguishes its various forms; you must learn four ways of saying the same simple remark; the manner for addressing a servant, an equal, a superior, and court language. I balked at the latter,

for as the Emperor and I did not move in the same circles I felt I should not have much opportunity to use it; but I did learn the others; and what a difference it made in my reception as I went around the country! People were so much more inclined to grant a request made in polite language!

I remember once making an unexpected trip to the mountains, with no time to engage a seat on the train. I reached the platform just as the train pulled out, leaping onto the step as my porter threw my large valise after me. It was a second-class carriage filled to suffocation with a holiday crowd augmented by a batch of conscripts going up for their term of service. Every seat was taken, aisle filled, and the overflow so packed the platform that the guard was unable to close the door.

Wedged beside me was a man holding a large child in his arms, so I suggested politely, in my best language, that I should put my valise at his feet, which would serve as a seat for his child. All through the crowd I caught admiring compliments on my language, not that the expression was anything extra, but that it was unusual for a foreigner to speak thus courteously; and presently word was passed down the car from mouth to mouth that, if the foreigner lady would edge inside, a man would give her his seat. My neighbor offered to guard my baggage, so I ac-

cepted, realizing that a favor was extended purely because I had made a commonplace remark couched in courteous words.

The secret of courtesy in Japanese is redundancy; the more you can spin out a phrase, the politer you are. For instance, to ask simply 'Have you?' to a coolie you might say 'Aru ka?' to a shopkeeper or one of the family it would be 'Arimasu ka?' while to a guest or superior one must dress the phrase up to 'de gosaimasen ka?' Complicate that by adding an honorific-prefix to every noun, inflecting every adjective or adverb, and tacking declensions and polite suffixes on each verb, and you will see that chatting in Japanese is a very lively sort of mental gymnastics, especially as every reference to yourself or your belongings must be deprecatory while the other fellow's possessions are superlatively lauded.

It would never do to take a Japanese literally in what he says about himself. A Japanese of my acquaintance, showing some photographs to an American friend of mine, remarked as a picture of himself came up, 'You see, I am very ugly and awkward,' much to the foreigner's surprise. He was really a very handsome chap, but the foreigner was not used to the Japanese custom of self-depreciation.

It was hard at first to catch the correct Nipponese accent, which, to make an Irish bull, consists of no

accent at all, for we Americans accent certain syllables of each word so decidedly. One Japanese puzzled us for a long time by asking the location of Chat-*tan*-oo-ga, Ten-*ness*-ee; for Chat-tan-*oo*-ga, Tenn-es-*see*, sounds quite differently, as you will see if you pronounce them as marked.

And the most trying of all were the numerous Japanese words that sound alike. 'Seppuku suru' means to commit hara kiri, and 'seppun suru' means to kiss; imagine, therefore, the consternation of the little geisha girl to whom a young American announced that he intended to rip himself open before her eyes when he merely meant to kiss her!

'Fundoshi' are the bright red loincloths which in summer constitute the chief costume of the Japanese male at home or in the fields; 'budoshi' is wine. There were many smiles around the table at an elaborate dinner-party on the Bluff when the charming hostess ordered the 'boy' to bring two more fundoshi!

But that was nothing to Dana San's annoyance, after I had carried out my idea of having no servants who understood English. Starting out for a game of tennis one day, he requested the cook to have tea ready at four o'clock (yo ji); when he returned hot and tired, looking forward to refreshment, there was no tea and no cook. The cook had gone downtown

to buy toothpicks (yoji) which Dana San had so unexpectedly ordered.

When I had progressed to the point where I could look up a number in the Japanese telephone book, and get the number successfully from Central, I was justly jubilant, as my friends gave it up as a bad job, content to have a clerk or servant do the telephoning for them.

Mispronunciations, dangerous in any language, were doubly awkward in Japanese. 'Moshi-Moshi' (Say, Say) is 'Hello,' but 'Mushi-Mushi' refers to certain unmentionable parasites, so that if one carelessly slurred the 'o' to 'u,' instead of saying 'Hello' to Central, you informed her that she had cooties! 'Line is busy' resembled nothing in the world as much as a gigantic sneeze in your ear; it was a long time before I made out that Central was telling me 'O hanashi shite iru,' for it sounded as though she were suffering from hay fever. The numerals I had so carefully learned all had different pronunciations in telephone jargon, to save misunderstanding. Thus, our telephone number at the office, which read 'ni sen, ippyaku, shichi ju, shi ban' (2174), over the telephone became, 'futa sen, hyaku, nana ju, yon ban.' My greatest triumph was the day I dropped the nickel into a pay-telephone in a Japanese shop, found the line busy, and got my nickel

back again; quite an achievement, I assure you!

My babies, of course, picked the language up like magic from their amahs; in fact, my youngest, born in Japan, never would learn English and came back to America utterly unintelligible to his grandparents. It was an innocent language for their baby lips because there are no swear-words in Japanese. 'Baka' (fool) is as insulting a word as can be used, and the worst curse a coolie from the dockyards can shout after his enemy is, roughly translated, 'I'll cut your liver out and send it to sea in a boat!'

However, the rougher class of rikisha men used to delight in a play on words to express their disgust when a foreigner preferred to walk instead of riding in a rikisha. 'Rikisha, rikisha!' they would shout, wheedling as the foreigner approached; but when he had passed, making it plain that he was not a prospective customer, they would change the tune to 'Chikusho, chikusho!' which means 'hairy beast' and is quite a deadly insult. However, as it usually went over the head of the non-Japanese-speaking foreigner, their triumph was small.

Speaking of rikisha men, there was a dentist, an American dentist, who picked up a little of the lingo, and heard that sarcasm was more potent than curses in Japanese. One rainy night, about five miles from

home, when his rikisha-man was trotting rather slowly, he tried it out.

'I presume you are sick since you go so slowly,' he remarked, with sarcastic emphasis.

The rikisha-man promptly dropped the shafts and sat down by the roadside.

'Since I am sick,' he replied with equal sarcasm, 'I had better not risk my strength in hauling such a fat man.'

And the dentist walked home five miles in the mud.

CHAPTER XIII

THE TRAMP OF MARCHING FEET

ONE summer morning at dawn I was awakened by the wildest, most barbaric lilt I ever heard, and, hastening to look out of my window, saw beneath me a contingent of several hundred soldiers off to field maneuvers in khaki uniform, knapsacks, and rifle. They sang as they marched an old tune, one of the most popular songs of the Russo-Japanese War, whose translation is roughly in the same spirit as our own dough-boys' 'Over There,' but Japanese melody, with its seven notes instead of eight to the scale, is so strange to our ears that it sounded to me as ancient and wild as a ditty of Genghis Khan's hordes.

Japan was the first country of my experience where universal conscription was the rule, hence I was interested in the universal flavor of militarism which I saw. The use of the word 'militarism' obligates me to explain that the Japanese militarism carried no connotation of 'hunnishness'; it means merely that reminders of army life cropped up everywhere. On the tennis courts, for instance, one Japanese player would thank another for the return of

a stray ball with a smiling 'Shike!' which is the Japanese equivalent for a military salute.

I once passed a police station just as a diminutive policeman was bringing in a 'drunk' to be booked. The prisoner, in fisherman's garb, was as husky as most fishermen, being six inches taller than the Junsa San and a good fifty pounds heavier. His face was flushed and swollen from drinking sake and he staggered along with difficulty. The policeman was supporting and at the same time propelling him along the street by a jiu-jitsu hold on his arm, but when the pair arrived at the flight of steps leading up to the police station, the Junsa San was physically unable to lift the prisoner up the steps. Instead of calling for help from within, the little policeman let go the man's arm, calling out sharply, 'Attention! Forward march!' Whereupon the drunken fisherman straightened up automatically and marched right up the steps under his own power.

As late as 1868, the Japanese army was composed of the units belonging to each individual feudal prince or daimiyo, uniformed in cotton or silk, with a lacquered helmet over the queue, and equipped with bow and arrow, ancient muzzle-loaders, and the famous two swords. Perhaps the greatest peaceful revolution any government ever achieved was the triumph of patriotism when conscription was

adopted and the arrogant two-sworded samurai were persuaded to serve in the ranks side by side with peasants from the rice-fields.

In 1872, French military instructors were engaged by the Japanese Government to instruct the army, but later succeeded by German officers who directed everything military in Japan until 1904. The Japanese national anthem, 'Kimi ga yo,' is said to have been composed by a German bandmaster. Since the World War, both French and British military instructors have given their services to perfecting the aviation division of the Japanese army. It is a marvelous thing to me that in seventy short years, one man's average lifetime, the Japanese have covered the ground between the era of bow and arrow and hand-to-hand sword conflict to machine guns, bombs, and airplanes.

Conscription in Japan is universal and compulsory. Every man at the age of twenty years is automatically called to two years' active service with the colors. After that he is enrolled in the first reserve for seven years, and thereafter, until the age of forty, his name is on the rolls of the kokuminhei, or second reserves. Reserves are liable to a few weeks' yearly intensive training in the field maneuvers.

There are only two excuses for a man of twenty not fulfilling his military service; medical incapacity

or a family absolutely dependent upon him. The authorities conduct a thorough investigation into cases of the latter class, but have little trouble with draft-dodging. An incident that occurred during the Russo-Japanese War illustrates well the spirit of the people. A young man, who had just reached his twentieth year when the war broke out, was the sole support of his aged father. The old man deliberately sent the boy on a manufactured errand, committing hara kiri in his absence, and leaving a statement that he had done it in order that his son might go to fight for the country unhampered by anxiety about his parent.

In order not to handicap professional men, there is a provision that young men with a stated amount of higher education and definite plans for a career may shorten their term of service by enlisting voluntarily with the regular troops for one year, after which they enter the reserve class.

The Japanese standing army in peace strength is rated (1924) at about 300,000 men, with a reserve of 2,350,000. The United States army on a peace basis is officially 280,000 and sometimes falls below that in practice. As the population of Japan is between forty and fifty million, against America's hundred million, the ratio of army to population, as well as to area, might be said to be overwhelmingly in favor of

Japan, but there are circumstances in Japan's situation which account for it.

Japan, geographically, bears somewhat the same relation to Asia as England to Europe, and, moreover, politically has grave responsibilities, as she may be called the only Asiatic nation to-day functioning successfully as an autonomous government. Siberia is a welter of Bolshevism; Korea collapsed years ago and was taken under the protection of Japan; China is torn by internal dissensions; the Malays are governed by France and the Dutch; the Philippines are under the tutelage of America; and England still reigns over India's swarming millions.

In China, Korea, Saghalin, and Siberia, Japan has immense industrial projects and commercial investments, and the uncertainty of the political situation in those regions makes it advisable to maintain the means of protecting her investments and sustaining law and order.

Japan's army is at all times in a state of high efficiency. The only decent roads in Japan are the military roads, some of them wonderful feats of engineering. The main island of Japan has a backbone of mountain ranges, so that it was a tremendous task to build and maintain roads wide enough and solid enough for the passage of troops and artillery around precipices at altitudes of eight, ten, or twelve thou-

sand feet. The railways in Japan being managed by a Government Bureau, no difficulty is felt in co-ordination. Yearly maneuvers on a large scale keep the troops up to the mark, and Japanese officers are constantly studying with various nations to keep abreast of the times.

The Quartermaster Department of the Japanese army has a far easier task than that of other nations, as the troops in the field are capable of great endurance on a diet of dried rice, dried fish, dried seaweed, and pickled plums. Give the Japanese soldier a tiny fire, a stewpan, with the rations enumerated, and he is perfectly contented whatever the weather, or however long the marches.

Heitai San, the Japanese common soldier, is a stoic who will endure any hardships for his country. Conscription does not lessen his feeling of devotion and consecration. Near my house in Japan stood a small Shinto shrine, dedicated to the spirit of a hero of the Russo-Japanese War. Any time I went there, I could find one or two soldiers in khaki, bareheaded before the shrine, cap tucked under the arm, while they clapped their hands in invocation to the hero's spirit, utterly unself-conscious.

A country village, when a contingent was setting forth to the first service, was a pretty sight. Before each house blossomed red-and-white lanterns and

the red-and-white flag of Japan. The lads, just turned twenty and looking even younger than white boys of the same age, feeling a bit queer in their ill-fitting khaki in place of wonted loose kimono, marched in a body to the station, accompanied by proud taciturn fathers, wistful smiling mothers, shy sweethearts, and ecstatic small boys who carried flags, tin bugles, and wooden swords as they tagged after the soldiers like small boys the world over. 'Banzai,' cheered the crowd as the train pulled out, and at each station the cry would be repeated again as the people caught sight of the uniforms in the cars.

A Japanese gentleman, just back from Korea, told me a story about Nogi, the hero of Port Arthur and idol of the nation, who, when his Emperor died in 1912, committed hara kiri in order to follow his Commander into the world beyond, and I repeat it because not only does it deal with a great man, but also illustrates the national conception of patriotism in Japan.

Nogi's son, a lieutenant in the army, was killed in the famous charge on 203 Metre Hill outside Port Arthur. His men brought in the body, marked the spot where he fell, and later erected a tablet to his memory there. It chanced that sometime afterward, Nogi, in a party of high dignitaries, revisited the scene of the battle, and, looking down from the

summit, noticed the monument. He asked about it, and they told him with pride, thinking that he would be pleased, that it commemorated his son's heroism. To their surprise the Spartan old patriot gave orders that it be taken down and destroyed at once, saying: 'My son did no more for his country than any other son of Nippon, and it is not fitting that he should have more glory.'

It would be begging the question to mention the Japanese army without touching on the ever-present question of whether there will ever be war between Japan and America. It is not a question which any one person can answer authoritatively, but at least I can set down my impressions of the Japanese attitude as I saw it during my residence there.

I found public opinion quite generally divided into three typical classes. The peasant class, farmers, and fishermen and persons of slight education were rather fatalistic about it. There was no personal hatred of America, no yearning for 'frightfulness'; merely an implicit belief that, if war came, Japan would be inevitably victorious. The middle class had more education, more sophistication, more sensationalism, and a more vivid imagination. They quite honestly look for a war, and are rather given to fashions in radical thinking. They are the class which stage demonstrations in front of embassies, or

urge retaliatory boycotts of foreign goods, but they have no real influence in Japanese government, for all their blatant utterances in press or meetings. They are a thorn in the side of the men who really control Japan's politics; the big business men, the bankers, the military heads and the Cabinet.

This third class, the real rulers of Japan, emphatically do not desire a war with America and are working with all their power to muzzle the jingoists or fanatics who clamor for it. Business men of wide interests and keen perceptions realize that a war would destroy their country's prosperity. The bankers who are financing Japan's programme of economic enlargement, the extension of her railways, the upkeep of her merchant marine, the launching of great industrial projects, know only too well how a war would depreciate Japan's currency and lessen her buying power. In their effort to minimize the war bogey, they broke all precedents when in 1924 a Japanese loan for twenty-two millions, needed for reconstruction of the damage done by the great earthquake of 1923, was floated in America. The bonds read 'payable in war or peace, irrespective of the nationality of the holder and without any declaration as to citizenship.' Issued by the Industrial Bank of Japan, each bond bears the endorsement of the Japanese Imperial Government. No government

that was planning secretly an invasion of another country would thus pledge its honor irrevocably; the inference is clear: Japan does not want war.

Her army and navy are headed by intelligent men, too wise to discount an enemy's strength like ignorant peasants or shallow jingoists, for they realize practical conditions. If war came, they would fight like demons for the preservation of their country, but they would not precipitate it into a contest in which the odds were theoretically against them.

And above the business men, and the military men, stand the statesmen, who dream of and work for a day when Japan shall dominate Asia, as America to-day dominates her side of the world; and when that day comes, the statesmen would rather have America as a friend than an enemy.

It is well for the world to remember that friendship thrives on mutual respect; that the more we can appreciate and understand the Japanese, the better our relations will be. For the Japanese, with a goodly heritage of an ancient civilization, and a modern expansion unequaled by any other nation in the same span of years, have a pride of their own that deprecates condescension and will not brook ridicule.

It was an American naval officer who told me an incident that drives home this point. His battleship

was lying in a certain port a few years ago, with a Japanese vessel also in port. The American sailors on shore fraternized with some Japanese sailors. One group of seasoned old salts amused themselves by playing a friendly trick upon the Japanese. The muscles of the American sailors' tanned and hairy forearms had been so developed by strenuous work that, by tensing them unostentatiously, the forearm became so hard that an open pocket-knife, dropped point down, would bounce off the skin, but, striking point down on the floor, stand upright in the wood. The Americans by this demonstration jocosely claimed their flesh to be proof against wounds.

Japanese have neither thick skin nor bulging muscles, and the Japanese tars did not see through the trick. Every time they tried it, the point of the knife drew blood, at which the Americans roared with laughter. Now ridicule is the one thing in the world a Japanese cannot bear, and the Japanese felt that their whole navy was humiliated in the eyes of the Americans.

Seizing the knife, one of the Japanese plunged it with all his strength into his arm, twisting the blade till the blood spurted. Not by a quiver of a muscle did he betray that he felt the least pain; nor did he make a motion to quench the flow of blood. Instead he remarked calmly, with a smile: 'American sailors

may have arms of iron, but who of you will do this trick of mine?'

The man was not drunk, nor mad; he was merely displaying the Japanese national spirit which puts the honor of the country above any sacrifice or suffering of the individual.

CHAPTER XIV

A MONTH OF SUNDAYS

EVERY day was Sunday with the Japanese. Not even in my school days at the convent have I ever seen so much outward and visible evidence of inward, spiritual grace, while the Japanese lack of self-consciousness at open devotion contributed to the impression of a pervading religious spirit.

I do not pretend to be deeply versed in comparative theology, and far be it from me to pass judgment on the spiritual content of the two commonest Japanese religions, Buddhism and Shintoism; in words which I have read somewhere, I try to 'worship my own God and respect the Gods of others'; but I did feel in Japan that the people looked on their religion as a part of their daily life.

Wherever one travels in Japan, one encounters evidences of a religious spirit. In the country, it may be wayside shrines or tiny Shinto o-miya in islet-groves amid the sea of rice paddies; while the city streets are dotted with great o-tera, or Buddhist temples as well as the o-miya. Great national shrines like Nikko, where the Tokugawa Shoguns

lie in state amid lofty cryptomeria and pillars of red lacquer; Shiba, in Tokyo, Hong wangi in Kyoto, and Ise farther south, bear testimony to the enduring cult transmitted from generation to generation, and also to the enormous contributions vouchsafed by the people which keep up the buildings and maintain large staffs of priests and attendants.

One rainy day in June during the nyubai (rainy season), I was motoring through a small country village. There were perhaps a score of thatched, weather-beaten cottages, each set on a little islet of rocky land amid the brilliant emerald expanse of the rice paddies. Through the mist loomed a steep cliff, whose granite face was sculptured with gigantic figures of Buddhist deities like an enormous backdrop.

We stopped under the overhanging wooden gateway that marks Buddhist architecture and went up a flight of mossy stone steps to the village temple. The o-tera (temple) itself was only a small building of weather-worn gray wood with a steeply pitched roof of gray glistening tiles projecting far beyond the walls which were of the translucent paper panes called shoji. Surrounding the building was a grove of tall evergreen trees, the bare ground beneath them trodden iron-hard by years of clacking geta. Under a large gingko tree at one side was a small wooden

shrine with sharp angled roof which protected a stone statue of Jizo.

Jizo, the All-Merciful, the patron of travelers, of women in childbirth, and of little children, is more frequently met with than any other of the Buddhist hierarchy. An old legend of the fate of baby souls after they leave this world tells how they journey through the shadowy country which lies beyond, where the wicked old woman, whose name is Sho Juba no Baba, lies in wait for them. She strips off the bright-colored little kimono in which their mothers delighted to dress them and sets each one at the task of gathering stones to build little cairns in the dry bed of the river Sai No Kawara.

The characteristic topography of Japanese rivers explains this tale, for, as the mountains are very steep and the coastal plain only a few miles wide, the rivers, rushing down between the hills in narrow, precipitous ravines, carry with them much sand and pebbles which they deposit on the flat plain. Thus is formed gradually a shallow stream-bed often half a mile or more wide and raised above the surface of the country, through which insignificant runlets of water meander except in flood season. Then, doubly swollen by the melting snows of winter and the rains of the nyubai, the water thunders down in raging torrents, bringing in suspension yet more

detritus to be added to the deposit when the flood subsides.

It is this familiar kind of river-bed which the legend pictures in the Country of Shadows, and in it the babies must toil, naked, piteous, harassed by spiteful gnomes or demons who tease them by knocking down the little heaps of pebbles so painfully gathered.

Then Jizo comes. He drives away the hideous long-nosed and red-haired tormentors, dries the tears of the children with his long soft sleeves and bears them in his arms to happier realms.

Because of this legend, when a Japanese mother lays her baby in the grave, she goes to the statue of Jizo to burn a stick of incense before it, while clapping her hands softly to attract the attention of the god, she prays to him to care for her baby, and lays a pebble at the base of the statue in token that she invokes aid and protection from Jizo for her child.

Sometimes, when a baby is gravely ill, the father and mother go together to the temple, taking a little dress of the baby with them, and there they make an offering and pray to Jizo for the child's recovery. They fasten the little kimono about the shoulders of the stone image and lay a pebble upon the lotus pedestal at its feet. Every statue that one sees of Jizo (and they are found along every roadside and in

the grounds of nearly every temple) is heaped with pebbles; mute testimony to the frequency with which sorrowing mothers resort to him.

As I stood before the wooden shrine of Jizo in the gentle rain of that summer afternoon, the remembrance of all this came back to me with the faint perfume of incense and the smell of wet pine trees, and I felt the benign, compassionate smile on Jizo's face gripping my heart poignantly till I envied the little brown mothers who had shuffled hither on their geta to lay their pebbles before Jizo. What mother would not envy assurance that an act of faith and prayer could assure tender help and guidance for their babies after death had parted them from the loving mother-care?

A faint rustle, as of a timid ghost stirring, made me turn. I saw a large land-crab, gray backed with scarlet spots, scuttling down a path between the pine trees. Following this guide, I skirted the rice paddies with the cliff rising steeply on my left, until at a sharp turn a U-shaped valley opened between two hills, where lay the cemetery.

A forest of tall laths, their unpainted wood shading from the clear white of newness to the silvery gray of age, stood behind each stone. Characters etched upon them in black told the name and other details of the lives they commemorated, with some-

times a pious quotation from Buddhist scripture added. It is the custom to erect a fresh wooden tablet at recurring anniversaries of the death, according to a prescribed calendar, as long as the memory is cherished. Before many of the stones stood tiny cups of tea and fresh green sprigs in vases, another proof of the daily ritual of remembrance. I could picture how the little women of the village, even on that rainy day, had girded up their kimono, put on the high geta, and unfurled their great paper umbrellas to pick their way along the muddy path that reverence might be done to the spirits of the departed.

A strong contrast to this isolated spot in the country was presented a few days later in the populous city of Kyoto on Theater Street, about nine o'clock of a holiday evening.

From end to end the narrow way was ablaze with colored paper lanterns hung from bamboo poles, while, beneath their soft light, click-clacked a stream of Japanese, men, women, and children. Even the babies were there, too, sound asleep on their mothers' backs in spite of light and noise. The moving-picture shows were just over; the little novelty shops and booths where shaved ice and beer were sold were crowded with customers.

At the farther end of the street the chochin

(lanterns) clustered in luminous radiance. A triple row of red-and-white globes hung in front of a shop where a platform and bamboo railing had been built in. A white-robed priest knelt there, reading a scroll placed on a low stand of red lacquer. On the platform stood three temple festival cars, equipped with stout poles that they might be borne through the streets on the shoulders of the devout. They were wonderfully decorated in gold-and-black lacquer, hung with rich brocades, and had tiny closed doors before which, like a finger on silent lips, leaned small brass torii.

The torii is the symbol of sanctity. It may be of any size, from a few inches in height, as in this case, up to the gigantic structures of stone which stand before the Hachiman Temple in Kamakura. In general appearance, the torii is like two cylindrical gateposts, topped by two cross-beams of which the upper projects well beyond the upright on either side. There are many theories, and no authentic explanation, of the meaning of the torii. Some compare it to a rudimentary representation of the doorway of an ancient house or palace of the gods; others think it originally a roost for sacred birds. Whatever its meaning, the torii is as common a religious symbol in Japan, as the cross in Christian countries, except that I have never seen it used as a personal ornament.

THE TORII – JAPAN'S SACRED SYMBOL

TEA HOUSE

To go back to Kyoto, where the small brass torii glimmered in the lantern light above the sea of faces: a constant soft clapping of hands and clink of coins rose above the clatter of hundreds of wooden clogs and the hum of voices, audible by dint of its rhythmic iteration.

When the quiet, orderly circulation of the crowd brought me in my turn close to the railing, I saw that nearly every Japanese in passing would stop for an instant to clap the hands, mutter a prayer, and toss a few coins onto the straw mats before the cars. This was going on naturally and reverently in the very midst of a holiday crowd.

Once a year, they told me, these cars are carried through the streets in procession and exposed for veneration, in memory of the stopping of a fearful plague many hundred years ago, when a solemn procession headed by the Emperor and priests implored the aid of the gods against the scourge. The plague ceased; and every year since the deliverance is thus commemorated.

However, tradition is not the only source of pious observance, for some customs are comparatively recent in their inception.

For instance, twenty-five years ago, a wealthy paper manufacturer of Hiogo, an industrial suburb of Kobe, erected a very large and quite ugly bronze

Dai Butsu, or statue of Buddha, in the grounds of the Temple Nofukuji in Kobe. Before it stands a large bronze incense-burner, upborne in the arms of two life-sized bronze boys.

When I visited it, the left-hand figure was worn shiny in a number of places. My kurumaya told me that it was the custom for sick persons to come there to pray and burn incense and then rub that portion of the bronze figure's anatomy which corresponded to their own afflicted region, believing that a cure would follow. The high polish acquired by the figure in a quarter of a century is eloquent witness to the numbers of sufferers who piously repair to it; and it is particularly noticeable because the figure on the right, to which no virtue is attributed, is as dull in finish as the day that both were cast.

All around us, we saw the daily manifestations of religion. In every little garden stood a miniature shrine with the stone foxes of Inari Sama, or the quaint stone lions called 'o-shi-shi,' which typify the male and female elements of the universe, guarding it. Passing down the street at twilight, one would hear the soft throb of a prayer gong on all sides, and see by the tiny lights in the butsudan (household shrine) that fresh offerings of tea and fruit or rice were being made to the ancestral spirits.

And one afternoon, crossing the bridge of a canal

in Yokohama, I witnessed by chance a most beautiful ceremony. The beating of a drum attracted my attention, and I saw coming down the stream a sampan slowly propelled seaward by a bronzed oarsman standing at a large sweep in the stern. The wood was exquisitely new and white; an awning of red-and-white cloth from which waved streamers of green, red, blue, purple, and white covered the sampan, and red-and-white paper lanterns were strung around it. The rear half was filled with Japanese in somber sich kimono sitting decorously on benches.

In the bow a shrine of new unpainted wood had been erected, with a small torii in front and a shelf on which were placed the customary Shinto offerings to the dead, small cups of tea, bowls of rice, and heaps of fruit. Standing before the shrine were five priests in gauzy robes, each of a different shade, lavender, emerald green, orange, pale yellow, and white. One beat upon the drum, another blew long mournful blasts on a conch shell as large as a man's head, while the other three chanted prayers in which the people along the banks joined as the sampan passed.

It was a tribute to the memory of the Japanese sailors who had recently lost their lives in an explosion on board the battleship Kawachi when she sank in Tokuyama Bay on the twelfth of July, 1918.

A subscription had been taken up for the purpose of making this ecclesiastical expedition from the temple to the sea in order to worship, or honor, the spirits of these men whose lives had been lost in the water. I was told that it would be repeated yearly on the anniversary of the catastrophe.

The sampan passed on seaward with the sunlight glowing on the soft colors of the boat and the priests' robes, leaving the fragrance of its burden of a love that does not forget and a faith which, acknowledging a spirit imperishable, reaches out behind the dark veil to unite the living and the dead by the bond of a daily remembrance.

CHAPTER XV

THE REINCARNATION OF A FEUDAL SERVITOR

EVERY one must have felt at some time or other that fleeting emotion — ghostly thrill, — Lafcadio Hearn calls it — which comes at the first meeting with some person like a soft shock to the ego; a flash of remembrance, a seething of buried memories which will not take shape in consciousness and yet give one the definite impression that somewhere we have known the stranger before. Some allege this sensation as evidence of reincarnation; I cannot say as to that, but I do know that, though I had been in Japan only a fortnight, so that Japanese faces en masse still seemed identical to me, when I met Usui, my kurumaya, his smiling brown face was already familiar to me.

For thirty-five yen a month he pulled me cheerfully over stony roads, in wet weather or fair, from eight in the morning till late at night. We supplied his uniform of white cotton for the summer, blue for the winter. It consisted of tight blue trousers, a waist-length kimono with wide sleeves; a strange garment shaped like a fencer's plastron with a marsupial pouch in which Usui kept his lunch, tobacco

and pipe, newspapers, and money; and a large straw hat embroidered on its cloth cover with my monogram. Cotton tabi with a pocket for the great toe and corrugated rubber soles completed the outfit.

In winter, Usui ran ankle-deep through freezing slush and mud; in summer, he climbed steep hills at noon with the thermometer over a hundred and the humidity so great that mere walking was too much of an exertion for me. He was as hard as nails, as seasoned as a Napoleonic grenadier. Hailing from sturdy peasant stock of the mountains, he was unusually ugly even by Japanese standards, for his nose was broad and flat between his high cheek-bones, but his eyes and smile glorified his face.

He would never admit that he was tired. One day he pulled me at his mile-eating dog-trot seven miles out into the country, climbed two miles up a hill and back to carry my lunch-box; and trotted home again; total, eighteen miles between eight and three o'clock. I dressed, on returning home, to go to a tea at a house nearly two miles distant, sending an amah surreptitiously to the nearest corner to call me a public rikisha-man, for I felt Usui had done enough for the day.

As I came out of the front door, I heard sounds of strife; Usui was fighting with the public conveyancer because no one else had any business pulling Usui's

USUI AND HIS OKU SAN ON A WALKING-TOUR

OKU SAN AND THE BABIES IN THE HONMOKU HOUSE

Oku San! He took me triumphantly to the tea and back again; and begged to let him pull me to Tokyo and back, eighteen miles each way, to prove his prowess!

One rainy day on the steep hill of Yatozaka, he undoubtedly saved my life. A fine mist had covered the road with a viscous mud; halfway down, Usui slipped. At the foot of the hill was a sharp turn in the road because a canal ran at right angles to the hill; it seemed that I, buttoned in behind the curtains with no chance to jump, must be hurled into the water to drown.

Usui was running headlong, his feet touching the ground in immense bounds, fighting to pull the shafts, for the runaway rikisha, its equilibrium on the single axle lost in his stumble, threatened to overturn backward at each revolution of the spinning wheels. With herculean wrenches of his muscular shoulders, Usui turned the rikisha bit by bit till he had it pointing toward the window of a little shop projecting from the roadside. There was no way that he could overcome the tremendous momentum and stop the rikisha without dropping the shafts, which would have abandoned me to a fearful fall, so he deliberately steered himself head on, at full speed, into the plate-glass window, not even lifting his hands from the shafts to protect his face.

There was a terrific crash. Glass splintered in all directions; Usui and the rikisha wallowed knee-deep in pottery and cut flowers. Our wild flight was ended. His face streaming blood, hands and arms badly cut, Usui turned to unbutton the curtains that imprisoned me.

'Is Oku San hurt?' was the first question.

And then:

'Oku San, I am humbly ashamed of my clumsiness. I have broken this man's window, but you must take the money from my wages to replace it.'

Poor Usui, untutored barbarian! He had never heard of Carnegie medals; it never dawned upon his simple soul that he might claim praise or reward for saving my life; instead, he overwhelmed me with gratitude because I paid for the new window myself. His cup of joy was full when I told him that, if he would exchange his old rikisha for a new one, I would pay half and advance him the rest to be repaid at his convenience, for the highest ambition of a kurumaya is to own his machine. They cost several hundred yen, so most kurumaya either rent one or purchase it on such exorbitant terms that by the time it is paid for, the rikisha is worn out. Usui felt like a king with a shiny new rikisha equipped with velvet cushions, oilcloth curtains, and pneumatic tires.

He was the mainspring of the household machinery, performing errands or running chits innumerable, pulling me to teas, shopping, dinners, and balls. If I played golf, he caddied for me; at tennis he picked up the balls with a will and deplored my poor strokes more than I did. He took the babies for outings, washed windows, tinkered at odd jobs of mending, and pervaded the whole establishment with his spirit of willing service.

Together Usui and I scoured the countryside within a radius of twenty miles and even made long trips into the interior; he knew intuitively the kind of things I loved to see, beautiful views, old temples, quaint wayside shrines.

On walking trips he laid aside his livery and appeared proudly in an old uniform cap, acquired goodness knows where. It sat grotesquely on his cropped head, but gave him such an air of authority that I had not the heart to make him discard it. Carrying my luggage like a featherweight, he could always give me a hand over steep places on the trail. When we arrived at a native inn, Usui unpacked my luggage like a French lady's-maid, ordered my supper, supervising its preparation himself, bullied the servants to give me the first bath in the public pool, and stood guard at the door in deference to my peculiar predilection for bathing alone. The last thing

at night, my shoji would be gently pushed back and in would come Usui in his bare feet, fresh and clean from his own bath, to tuck the futon closely around me, sprinkle flea-powder in a magic circle, arrange the kaya, or green mosquito net, and retire murmuring like a motherly old nurse, 'O Yasumi nasai, Oku San.' (Sleep well, mistress.)

Life with Usui in attendance was a thing of bliss; I was wrapped in solicitous comfort like an incubator baby in cotton wool; and often, lying dreamily on the soft tatami after a twenty-mile walk, I would wonder sleepily if once upon a time I had not been a lady of Old Japan and Usui my staunch retainer.

CHAPTER XVI

THE CALENDAR OF FLOWERS

USUI and I followed the flower calendar around the year. In February, when boughs were bare and the landscape a dull uniform brown, you might see me spinning in my rikisha, wrapped in a fur coat against the sharp-set wind, down the shore road to Sugita, where in an old temple courtyard grew the famous plum trees.

For a thousand years the trees had stood in this sheltered spot in the lee of a hill wooded with feathery bamboo, while a high wall of lichened gray stone protected them from the force of the ocean winds. Beyond the trees we glimpsed the temple buildings of silvery gray wood, capped by a roof of brown thatch whose sweeping curves expressed an infinite tenderness in consonance with the compassionate spirit of Buddhism. The warm sun poured down into the little courtyard from a sky swept clear by the east wind, brisk and salty, straight from league upon league of blue Pacific waters, while I basked in the fragrant atmosphere nibbling lazily at the salty umeboshi (pickled plums) whose sale was a perquisite of the temple priests.

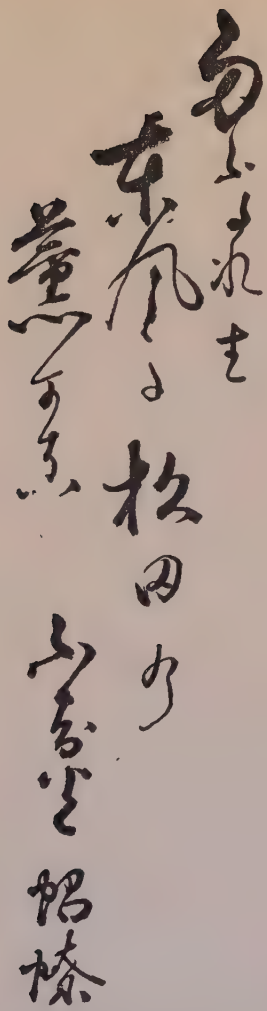
The trees had been trained through centuries by

the patience of generations of gardeners, each in a different shape. There was the Sleeping Dragon, a marvel of grotesque quaintness, crouching in front of the temple steps, his gnarled body and head, spattered by a few sparse blossoms, supported on stout bamboo props. The most beautiful of all was the Fountain of Blossoms, a smooth column twenty feet high from whose apex descended a shower of curving branches almost to the ground, so thickly studded with pale pink, spicy blooms that the bark was completely veiled.

A sailor near me borrowed ink-stone, brush, and paper from the giggling young girl at the tea-booth, and brought them to a bench near me where he scratched his head composing an original poem in praise of the plum blossoms. He attached it to a bough of the Fountain of Blossoms before departing, doubtless in search of a less æsthetic ending to his holiday. Marking the fluttering leaflet where he affixed it among the other tributes hung on the tree, I untied it and took it home to have it translated by Sakimoto, my drill-ground sergeant teacher.

O kareba kochi ni Sugita no ume kaoru kana.
Shiranubi Hammaguri

The stronger blows the East Wind
The more fragrant the scent of Plum Blossom
At Sugita.
Saint Elmo's Fire



THE ORIGINAL POEM
BY THE SAILOR

'I think very nice poem,' commented Sakimoto San. 'This man must be sailor because signing the name of fire shining in storm on ship, and I think poem have two meanings. His sweetheart's name is Ume San (Miss Plum Blossom). Poem have meaning her fragrance always with him. Very nice poem.'

March brought the cherry blossoms when all the world went a-picnicking under the pale pink canopies, and I never could tell which of the many famous cherry-viewing spots was the loveliest, though I tried them all.

Kamonyama Park on the summit of the highest hill in Yokohama, where lived the Japanese aristocracy, had a grove of double-petaled cherry trees about its Shinto shrine. 'Yae-sakura' they call these eight-petaled cherry blossoms, and because the cherry blossom has no odor, I never could feel that the great fluffy pink-and-white flowers festooned on the rough bark were real; it seemed as though a decorator must have fashioned them of silk, flinging them up in lavish handfuls.

We saw a Shinto christening one day in cherry-blossom time. Up a long flight of stairs, guarded on either side by quaint stone lions, toiled a little procession headed by the father and two older sons, all dressed in black silk kimono with white crests on back and sleeves. In the next place of honor, behind

the menfolk, came a proud old grandmother, her wrinkled face beaming, her thin hair smoothed back above bright black eyes. She bore the infant in her arms.

My babies were all christened in a family robe five generations old, but their elegance was nothing compared to this Japanese baby's. He wore a tiny kimono of brightly flowered silk crêpe, pink and green and yellow maple leaves on a purple ground. I know it sounds gaudy, especially with an obi of bright green added, but the Japanese handle colors as skillfully as Nature on her own palette, and the effect was as pleasing as a bed of gay flowers under summer sun. The crowning glory of the costume was a ceremonial haori, several sizes too large for the mite; a short kimono of black silk with a band eight inches broad of designs typifying good omens for his little life. Gray cranes with scarlet bills stood on a shore under a straggling pine bough with a hoary tortoise at their feet and a rising sun silhouetted behind pine branches, signifying long life, riches, and honor. As a frieze in a scarlet-lacquered temple it would have been something to marvel at; as a garment for a baby who was less than eighteen inches long, it was fairly staggering!

Meekly walking in the rear with feeble steps and wan face came the little mother leading an equally

insignificant girl child by the hand. Daughter was a lily of the field in red lacquer clogs and a purple kimono patterned with cherry blossoms; but the mother was somberly dressed in dull brown, as, of course, she was the least important personage at her son's christening.

Watching the ceremony while the shaven priest wrote the new name on a scroll of white paper and offered it to the gods, I wondered if when little Santaro is grown up he and the men of his generation in Japan will have more respect for their women than was accorded to his mother. I think so.

Another favorite spot of mine for viewing the cherry blossoms was San no Tani, near our country home in Honmoku, reached by a ride past the rice paddies where the farmers worked knee-deep in the mud, preparing the soil for planting.

This park, the home of a Japanese gentleman, but thrown open to the public, occupied several acres on the seashore bounded at either side by a high hill, with steep white cliffs on the shore. In the valley was a pond where hundreds of great pink-and-white lotus lifted their cups in the summer, but which in spring was a clear sheet of water dotted with brown ducks and filled with carp and goldfish. Every visitor bought, at the little booth at the gate, long strings of white fu (cakes of goldfish food) to strew

the fragments on the water from the quaint rustic bridge connecting the island home of the ducks with the shore. The first flake on the water was the signal for a submarine disturbance; with great sweeps of tail and fin rose scores of gleaming goldfish and carp of battleship gray; and so well did the visitors feed them that they had become veritable marine monsters. Imagine a goldfish three feet long and as thick as an anaconda!

At the crest of the hill on the right stood a five-story Buddhist pagoda, copper bells on the eaves of each story chiming musically in the breeze, while beside it was a moss-covered statue of Buddha.

Across the valley on the opposite hill, the ancient gods of Japan looked unmoved at the pagoda of the new religion which has only been established in the country for eleven centuries; the mythology of Shintoism reaches back behind the veil of history and is still the official religion of the land, worshiped by Emperor and peasant alike.

A procession of scarlet torii, gate-shaped Shinto symbols of holy precincts, arched over the steep winding path, gleaming red through the leaves, to the little shrine on the hilltop, which was sacred to the spirit of a soldier hero. It was only a three-foot wide shed of unpainted wood with peaked roof and a wooden grating through which one caught sight of

the hero's name tablet, but I never failed to find two or three worshipers standing reverently before it clapping their hands in invocation. Men and women alike prayed there, but the most frequent visitors were soldiers in khaki uniform who tucked visored caps beneath their arms to stand bareheaded praying.

I blushed for my countrymen one day when I passed to the rear of the shrine in order not to disturb a couple of soldiers at their orisons, and found carven with a pen-knife in the gray wood, 'Hello, Frisco. J.H.S. 1915.' It was such a wanton bit of vandalism! I wonder what would happen to a Japanese in America who defaced one of our churches?

The Japanese have a native courtesy and respect for private property that we Americans might well emulate. As I have said, San no Tani was opened to the public through the benevolence of the millionaire Hara San who lived in a large house hidden among the trees. A modest signboard at his gate requested visitors not to enter, but one might wander at will over the rest of the beautiful garden. In the center of the valley, shielded from raw winds, a straw-thatched pavilion had been erected with a hearth in the earth floor where a fire burned daily and a wrought-iron kettle as large as a bass drum swung steaming on the crane. There were benches

around the fire and a basket filled with china cups; it was the custom for visitors to stop here to eat their picnic lunch and help themselves to mugi no cha from the kettle. Mugi no cha is an agreeable drink made from barley, refreshing and nourishing; Hara San's gardeners had instructions to keep the kettle filled.

Let me draw you a picture I watched one day that you may compare it with your own experience of the large public parks of America. Think for a moment of Central Park or Boston Common on a Monday morning, conjure up the picture of fluttering newspapers, ice-cream cones, peanut shells, lunch-boxes, and paper napkins; the signs admonishing the public to keep off the grass; the uniformed policemen patrolling in vain attempt to preserve a semblance of order and decency; remember the days when pumps on our 'Main Streets' of necessity had their dippers fastened by a stout iron chain; think of the tin cans, paper napkins, and broken bottles that mark the site of a picnic party in our woods; and then read of San no Tani in Japan.

The pavilion stood at the head of the little valley, walled in by steep slopes wooded with evergreen trees. A tiny stream, bridged by a single slab of rough granite, meandered past to the pond below where the lotus leaves like green elephants' ears

quivered upon thick stalks as the corpulent goldfish skirmished for the bits of white fu tossed them by a flock of Japanese babies whose jet-black heads above the brilliant-hued kimono lent the emphasis of a print by Utamaru to the scene.

Cherry trees, their white glory of petals futte shimayematta (flutteringly departed) in the poetic Japanese phrase, but misted in the tender green of new leaves, stood about the margin of the pool and the gorgeous lilac and crimson banners of the azaleas flaunted from the sentinel slopes. The sedgy borders of the stream were tinged with the purple of iris, while the mauve pendants of a trellised wistaria repeated the wistful note of lavender.

It was May in Japan when a party of Japanese clicked over the stone bridge across the stream into the tea pavilion. It being the fifteenth of the month, the working-man's holiday, the father had accompanied his mother, wife, and four children on a little walk to the park.

The children stared round-eyed at me, while O Baa San (grandmother) beamed at me with the privilege of age, murmuring, 'Konnichiwa! Gomen kudasai' (Good-day; please excuse our intrusion.) They helped themselves to tea, ladling out into the handleless china cups with a dipper made from the joint of a bamboo; O Baa San hushed the baby

strapped on his mother's back, who had begun to whimper, by giving him a salty sembei to nuzzle over, and the whole family removed their geta to squat on the bench drinking their tea while they looked out over the lovely vista. The father had three whiffs of his little pipe; the small boys washed the cups at a tap and returned them to the hamper; they all shuffled their feet into the thongs of their geta, and went their way.

What of all this, you ask? Consider, then; here was a park, which this Japanese family had visited as did a couple of hundred other Japanese every day of the week, yet you could find no scraps of papers thrown on the paths, nor see one person break off one blossom or branch to bear home; here was a pavilion where free tea might be had, with a couple of hundred china cups stored in a basket for use, but you would not see one cup dirty, or broken or carried away in some one's capacious sleeve. Occasionally you might see a gardener sweeping a path, but there was no attendant in the tea pavilion, none patrolling the garden's thickets. The Japanese public was as scrupulous in behavior as though in its own private garden. You will travel far in this round world of ours to find such honor among people.

I could write a thick volume of the lovely places

which I visited with Usui; the feathery groves of bamboo; the upland country where tiny streams in bamboo conduits turned wooden wheels at each cottage and we heard the thumping of looms from within; the breath-taking shooting of rapids in mountain rivers where pink, purple, and white azaleas blazed on the hillsides; the steep trails we trudged in the mountains, meeting peasants who, although bowed under great loads of charcoal which they must carry thirty miles to the railroad, could yet pause to pluck a branch of azalea for the sheer beauty of it; the arbors at Kamata where we sat beneath long streamers of wistaria thick with intoxicated bees, and looked upon acres of purple flags of iris; the chrysanthemums that bloomed in every garden and by every roadside in autumn; the marvelous coloring of the maples of Chuzenji, like a Persian rug flung over the mountains.

You see? I could talk forever, and yet I have not said a word about the peonies, called the King of Flowers by the Japanese; nor the lotus with its elephant-eared leaves and corollas of pink and white; nor the lilies that bloomed in the fields, overpoweringly sweet, white or pink spotted with black like great seashells.

Once a year in midsummer, Usui took me in the evening's soft darkness to see the o Bon, the beauti-

ful festival of the dead, when every house is set in order for the return of the spirits and on every grave in the cemeteries are placed flowers, offerings of food, and a lighted lantern to guide the ghosts home. The dead seemed very near as I stood silent in the dark, breathing the pungent perfume of incense and realizing the tremendous force of faith.

CHAPTER XVII

THIRTY-FIVE HUNDRED STEPS VERTICALLY

OCTOBER is the most alluring month of the year in Japan. The air has been swept clear by the typhoons of September so that Fuji's white cone glistens in the cloudless blue of the sky; the spicy perfume of chrysanthemums greets the nostrils; the flaming glory of maples pleases the eye. If you have one spark of the gypsy in your blood, you are irresistibly moved to go abroad in the country.

So one October evening, when Usui was pulling me homeward from a tea in the tender afterglow of a beautiful sunset, I felt the call and said: 'Usui, to-morrow you must take me somewhere — to some new and beautiful place that I have never seen before.'

Usui could always be trusted to fill any want; he did not have to think long before answering: 'There is a very fine view from the mountain of Oyama. I do not think any foreign woman has climbed it before, but I know you can do it, Oku San.'

Now Oyama rises a sheer four thousand feet from the coastal plain near Hiratsuka. I had seen it from the train on the main line between Tokyo and Kyoto,

and had read of it in Japanese mythology as the dwelling-place of the sister goddess of Fujiyama. For centuries it has been a place of sacred pilgrimage for pious souls from all over Japan.

When Usui presented himself the next morning, he had discarded the neat blue-and-yellow livery for a black silk kimono with white tabi and wooden geta. He apologized for the transformation, explaining that, as we were to ascend a holy mountain, he wished to profit by the opportunity of gaining a little merit for his unworthy self, so had put on his best clothes in honor of the goddess. He looked a thorough gentleman in the silk kimono, but seeing him thus attired was as surprising to me, in the first moment, as though a chauffeur back home had been given permission to attend the service when the family went to church and had turned out in frock coat and silk hat. I began to see that Usui considered me honored by the opportunity to climb Oyama.

Our road took us first through a tangle of narrow streets lined with unpainted wooden dwellings where every house was also a shop. Vegetables, scrubbed till they looked like Christmas-tree ornaments rather than prosaic carrots or purple eggplant or tapering white daikon, were ranged temptingly in baskets. Next door might be seen a china shop with fasci-

THE END OF A DAY IN THE RICE PADDIES

SPINNING SILK

nating bowls, tea-pots, or sake bottles in clear blue, red, white, or green porcelain. The cooper was already at work squatting on the floor among clean white wooden tubs of all sizes and shapes with gleaming copper hoops.

Then we came into the country with rice-fields on either hand and great pine trees bordering the road. It was the old Tokaido, the highway along which in the old days fared all the travelers of mediæval Japan, the armored daimiyo with their trains of warriors; court ladies in palanquins borne by stalwart coolies; traveling merchants; and white-clad pilgrims to the holy shrines. To-day when I pass over this road my eyes seem to see those colorful ghosts of the past, and I think the old pine trees must remember them too.

At Hiratsuka, where the powder factory symbolizes the new Japan, which in seventy years has made for herself a seat in the council of nations, we turned off the ancient highway to follow a narrow track across a flat plain covered with the irregular traceries of the rice paddies. Soon wooded hills closed around us; we passed beneath a huge gray stone torii, sign of sacred precincts, and emerged into a village street bordered by cottages.

On straw mats spread along the side of the road, women were threshing rice with primitive wooden

flails that might have been used by Ruth in the fields of Boaz, to judge from their shape, and behind them stood a quaint screen of rice shooks hung over bamboo poles looking like a giant hula-hula petticoat spread out to dry. Plump babies in particolored kimono played like great butterflies among the russet and yellow chrysanthemums which bloomed in each tiny garden.

At the last house of the village, Usui arranged with the O Baa San who was smoking her pipe on the roka (veranda) that I should make my final preparations for climbing the mountain in her house.

They had not expected us, but the little house was marvelously clean and orderly. The pale yellow mats of rice straw on the floor were bare save for a large bronze pot with elephant-ear handles in which two or three sticks of charcoal glowed cherry-red on a bed of fine white ashes; but the old lady opened a sliding panel in a wall to fetch a silk cushion which she slid to me politely on her knees. (I had removed my heavy mountain boots before entering the house, of course.) After some polite exchange of conversation, I asked the old lady if I might wash my hands. She pushed back one of the shoji disclosing a narrow passage of the same wood as the roka which led past the kitchen with an intriguing glimpse of shelves laden with blue-and-white rice

bowls, platters, and sake bottles. On the floor were ranged wooden vessels hooped with copper and fitted with covers. The sink was set level with the ground, and a little maidservant was squatting before it, on her heels, her long sleeves bound back with a red cord — tasuki — washing the rice preparatory to steaming it over a red earthenware shichirin of charcoal.

The washroom was immaculate. Bowls of pale-green porcelain stood on a shelf, flanked by quaint dippers made from a joint of bamboo, and through the heart-shaped window, barred by a tracery of split bamboo, there was a charming view of a little garden where dwarfed pine trees stood guard over a squat stone lantern, and goldfish swimming lazily in a tiny pool rivaled the color of chrysanthemums that bent above it.

The little Ne San appeared carrying hot water in an iron kettle with design of cherry blossoms in relief on its rounded sides. She poured the water into a bowl and fetched me towels of blue-and-white cotton, also patterned in cherry blossoms. Then she stood watching, to see if she could be of further aid.

She was a delightful little specimen of country girl, not over four feet in height, round and dumpy of figure, her face one flat plane. The nose was nearly bridgeless, the slanting eyes set flush with her fore-

head and rosy cheeks, showing no upper lid beneath her black brows; but her color was fresh, almost hectic in her brown skin, unmarred by the rice powder with which town beauties plaster themselves, and she smiled charmingly. She gazed at me with such open-mouthed wonder when I powdered my nose from a small vanity case that I presented it to her as a keepsake and left her staring entranced at the mirror set in the cover.

The old lady had prepared tea in the front room, and I drank a cup of the clear, straw-colored, lukewarm beverage from the handleless cup of doll's size. We exchanged bows as I thanked her for her hospitality, and then I laced up my boots in the roka, where Usui was waiting patiently, a knapsack strapped to his shoulders.

There were no more houses; the path became a flight of stone steps cut in the granite of the mountain, hedged in by thick woods of pine and scarlet maples. After half an hour of climbing, I was glad to come upon a resting-place where a split tree trunk had been set across two boulders on the edge of a precipice. A wonderful panorama of the country we had traversed earlier in the day lay before us. Directly beneath, on the slopes of the mountain, was spread a forest of pine and maple whose autumn colorings gave the impression of a faded Persian rug

flung over the hills. Then came the flat plain of rice-fields, transformed by the harvest ripeness into a sheet of pure gold under the sunlight; and in the distance, beyond the black ribbon of pines that marked the Tokaido, sparkled the blue waters of the Pacific.

A few minutes of rest, I on the bench, Usui squatting politely on his heels behind me having three whiffs from the little pipe he carried stuck through his girdle, and once more we began to climb those endless steps. They were high, rough, and narrow, because the Japanese in geta step only with the ball of the foot; I found them cruelly fatiguing. My knees ached as we toiled on with the thick trees around shutting out any idea of vista. Presently the steps became wider and down the center ran an iron chain. Usui explained that this was to separate the men from the women as they approached the god's dwelling, but I knew better. It was meant as a life-line to weary mortals whose knees failed under them as mine did!

At the head of this wide flight stood an old temple of wood toned by the weather to a silvery-gray. Its curved roof was half hidden in the boughs that hung over it, its entrance guarded by two stone lions — O shi shi. The male rested one paw upon a globe; the female raised one paw to protect a cub that sprawled on its back at her feet. Their lips curled

derisively; perhaps they were grinning at this alien pilgrim who panted so on the path of virtue.

To the wooden grating which closed the front of the shrine were attached a number of fluttering paper prayers scrawled in black ideographs and a heap of copper and silver coins had been tossed on the sill. Usui bent his head and clapped his hands before adding his mite, and I, too, laid a small offering beside his, but no priest or fellow worshiper appeared. All was silence save for the whispering of the winds in the boughs. These open-air shrines of Japan, guarded by ancient evergreen trees, have always an air of ineffable peace.

Passing around to the rear of the shrine, we found that the steps were mercifully at an end. The rest of the way was up a steep narrow gully worn by the wooden geta of pilgrims, fringed with starry blue flowers like our own gentian; till we came to an outcrop of gray stone so steep and smooth that nothing but scrambling on all fours could avail to get us over it; but ten minutes of this brought us out upon the summit.

Here, in the shelter of two or three twisted pines that had held their own against the sweep of the mountain winds, stood a very small gray shrine. A vicious little cur materialized from nowhere, like an evil genie, since there were no men on the moun-

tain, and took it upon himself to see that 'the foreign devil' did not violate the sanctity of the shrine. He growled and made terrifying charges at me, and only a volley of well-aimed stones from Usui kept him at a safe distance while I ate my lunch.

It was bitterly cold upon the summit, with gray clouds drifting by so low that now we would be wrapped in impenetrable fog; again could look off over a welter of desolate mountains to the north, or south over the plain we had crossed that morning to the ocean. Usui wrapped me in a blanket he had brought in his knapsack, and I ate sandwiches and thin-skinned Japanese oranges — mikan — washed down with comforting draughts of hot coffee from a thermos bottle; while Usui bolted a mess of cold boiled rice, pickles, and leathery omelet which sent cold shivers down my back. Luncheon finished, there was nothing to do but start back.

We soon reached the lower edge of the cloud-cap and took a path leading along the crest of a long outlying spur of Oyama. I was tired, cold; rather peevishly I asked Usui why he had not brought me up this easy way instead of forcing me to climb those endless steps. Oyama rises more than four thousand feet from the plain, and, allowing a foot to a step, I figured that I must have climbed at least thirty-five hundred steps before we reached the rough path at

the summit. Now, seeing this comparatively easy path, I felt as might a visitor to New York after ascending on foot to the fifty-fifth floor of the Woolworth Building if his guide were to remark nonchalantly: 'We will go down by the elevator.'

But Usui made me ashamed of my petulance as he gravely assured me that it would have been discourteous to approach the lofty shrine of the mountain goddess by the easiest way. I was not so confident as he of the merit acquired by our performance, but I comforted myself with the thought that at least I had carried out the pilgrimage in the proper way, and could cherish the distinction of being the first foreign woman to do it.

We walked for an hour through low pine scrub, coming out finally upon a region of brown slopes covered with stiff bamboo grass. From a distance this looks smooth enough to coast upon, but a few steps from the path involve one in a knee-high, impassable tangle of sharp blades. I cried out, in sheer surprise and appreciation, as we stepped out on this plateau, and Usui smiled, for this view was what he had had secretly in store for me as a reward for toiling up those unspeakable steps.

We were facing the ocean. On our right we looked across the valley to the purple barrier of the Hakone mountains, and above them in a sunset sky of pal-

est turquoise and lemon yellow gleamed ethereal Fuji's fan-shaped snowy crest.

We lingered, worshipful, till the last tinge of color had faded from the sky and then plunged down into a twilight of jungle of bamboo interspersed with palms, the only palms I saw growing wild in Japan. Above us sounded the raucous chorus of hundreds of glossy black crows wheeling to their perches for the night. Since we commenced the climb that morning, we had not seen a human being, and even now we seemed a thousand miles from civilization, but suddenly, as we rounded a turn, we came upon a truly Japanese picture.

A small thatched house stood in a little clearing; in front of it was a large wooden tub with a glowing brazier of charcoal at one end to heat the water. The head and shoulders of a wrinkled old woman and the naked bronze torso of a little boy appeared above the rim. 'Eijin San' (foreigner) shrilled the little boy, and the grandmother turned her head to grin toothlessly.

'Komban wa' ('Good evening to you'), she called cheerily.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE OLD GENTLEMAN OF JIMBOHARA

I SUPPOSE that in all countries the alien meets with more or less contempt and contumely according to the degree in which he adopts the customs of the new country; the more different he remains in language, clothes, and manners, the more scope he offers for criticism and overt or expressed dislike from the natives.

As a child I lived in a mill town which attracted so many alien operatives that the public notices were always printed in seven languages. I still remember the various opprobrious nicknames which we loved to yell after little Finns or 'Canucks' or 'Wops.'

When in my turn I became an immigrant in Japan, very occasionally I encountered the same spirit. In slum districts such as surrounded the great dockyards, I have heard unsavory comments on the streets as I passed in a rikisha. Once, riding in a motor-car with three other women, through the crowded narrow street of a country village, where the pedestrians had to scuttle into doorways to allow us to pass, a tall Japanese man, his hair long and thick in the fashion of social agitators the world over,

leaped on the step of our car and spat in my face. It was not an agreeable experience, but I wondered afterward what lay behind his offensive act, whether he or his family, perhaps, had suffered through a foreigner in some way.

A gentle little Japanese nurse of my acquaintance, excellently trained in a foreign hospital and an expert masseuse, told me a story of that sort when I suggested that she could make better money at her profession in America.

'I wish never to go to America again, Oku San,' she said, rather bitterly; 'I do not like Americans.'

Some years before, an American man in business in Japan had become violently insane; his family was advised by cable and sent funds to bring him home. Tanaka San, at the hospital where he was confined temporarily, was the only attendant who could manage him, but with her he was docile and quiet; so the doctors persuaded the girl that it was her duty to make the long trip to America as his attendant. Tanaka San was reluctant to go; she spoke little English and the prospect of controlling a maniac on the steamer and train was a hectic one, but she finally yielded to their urging, as no one else would undertake the task.

Of course, the tickets and connections were all arranged for her by a tourist agency, but she spent

three weeks on the steamer, locked in a suite with the madman, and three days in a drawing-room of a Pullman car. Worn from loss of sleep and close confinement under a perpetual strain, she and her charge finally arrived at the small town in Illinois where he lived, and were met by his family.

'Oku San, it seemed to me a very shameful thing, but perhaps Americans are like that. They had a limousine at the station to take their son away. Then the father, a big gruff man, said to me, "All right; you wait here in the station one hour and a train will come to take you back." He gave me an envelope with my wages and went away.

'You know, Oku San, I did not make that journey for the wages, but because it was a humane duty. In my country a person who had done so much for one of my family would not have been left to sit in a railroad station. We would have invited her to our house, served her with refreshments; our house would have been hers as long as she cared to stay. I do not care for Americans.'

The Japanese, in truth, are more hospitable. In the country villages, the children line up by the road, arms upflung, calling 'Banzai!' as the foreigners whirl by. The story goes that in the early days when the Japanese people objected to the presence of aliens, the children were known to throw stones and

call bad names, just as American children sometimes tease foreigners, whereupon the Emperor himself made it known that he wished the foreigners received with hands upflung in greeting and the cry 'Banzai!' That decree was quite in line with modern constructive psychology; one cannot throw stones with both hands in the air!

On my trips through the country, I almost invariably received most kindly treatment, and at small, isolated cottages the people generally refused payment for the cup of refreshing tea offered to me with ready hospitality. The old man of Jimbohara showed me most forcibly the contrast between Japanese courtesy and barbarian rudeness. It happened in this wise.

Four of us, unable as yet to speak more than a few words of Japanese, but eager to see the beauties of the country, were motoring up to Nikko to see the wonderful Tokugawa shrines, by the long route, rarely followed by foreigners.

Late on a rainy October afternoon, we passed through a tiny village in the heart of the farming country on the level plains below the mountains in which Nikko is situated. It was almost dark, so we were surprised to find a large crowd of villagers assembled at the far end of the one street where a wooden bridge spanned a river.

The autumn had been very rainy, a recent typhoon had swelled all the streams, the river before us was in full flood. In the twilight we could just make out a racing stretch of dark water running less than a foot beneath the arch of the bridge, frothing around the piles.

The head man of the village ran up to the car, bowing politely, while Suzuki, the chauffeur, interpreted his speech. The river, he said, was so high he feared the bridge was unsafe; we should go back over our road to the nearest steel bridge, fifty miles below. Even as he spoke, a chorus of exclamations broke out in the crowd, whose eyes were fastened on the river; the central span of the bridge had been carried away by the swift current.

Our host and owner of the car was an engineer, accustomed to size up situations quickly.

'Suzuki,' he said, 'You tell the head man that I don't want to go a hundred miles out of my way. Tell him I want to hire two of those sampans tied up on the bank, and have the men lay them to, against the piles in the gap. It is only twenty feet across, so they can lay planks across the gunwales of the sampans to make a pontoon bridge for the car.'

At the chauffeur's translation, a vigorous parley broke out; the fishermen who owned the boats were anxious to earn the big money offered and perfectly

willing to risk their lives and boats in the roaring flood, but the head man would not consent.

'It is too great a responsibility for me to assume,' he said, 'Lives may be lost, in which case I should be held accountable. But if you secured permission from the police authorities in the nearest town . . .'

Suzuki, having driven a hundred and fifty miles already over the villainous Japanese roads, did not look forward to a hundred-mile détour. He suggested that if we would wait in the village, he would take the head man back ten miles to the police station where he could secure the requisite permission and bring back policemen to superintend the undertaking. We found ourselves marooned in the rainy twilight beside the luncheon hamper thoughtfully left by Suzuki. The villagers drifted back to their homes for the evening meal and we began to feel damp and hungry ourselves.

'That big house over there must be the village inn,' volunteered the practical-minded engineer. 'It's the only two-storied house in the place and the courtyard is piled with casks of sake.'

'Then let's go,' replied the American girl whom I was chaperoning. 'We can get some tea to drink with our sandwiches and I have a pack of cards in my pocket, so we can have a game of bridge while we wait.'

The house was built in a hollow square around a courtyard ankle-deep in mud; one side was a warehouse, the center appeared to be the kitchen, and the third side contained two large rooms furnished with tatami. In the smaller of the two, an old man and equally old lady were sitting on their heels with a low table between them and an electric light on a long cord suspended over the table.

As we waded through the mud, seating ourselves upon the roka, or small wooden veranda that surrounds the straw mats of a Japanese house, to unlace our wet boots, two rosy-cheeked little servant maids came running from the kitchen with shrill cries of 'Irrasshai! O hairi nasai!' (Welcome, please deign to enter!)

'This is a real country inn,' grunted the engineer as he shuffled in his stocking-feet to the larger room. 'They don't even give you velvet slippers as they do in town.'

The room was absolutely bare of furniture, but the Japanese girls with bows and smiles brought out a flat silk cushion for each of us. One thin cushion, upon which you kneel decorously, is the Japanese idea of an easy-chair, but not ours.

'Motto!' (More!) demanded the engineer. 'If I have to sit on the floor, I've got to have a whole pile of cushions.'

The girls obligingly scurried about the house collecting armfuls of cushions from other rooms.

The engineer was the linguist of the party, making up in deaf-and-dumb language for what he lacked in vocabulary.

'O Cha! Bieru!' (Tea and beer!) he ordered compensating by emphasis for his deficiency of polite phrases. One of the girls nodded and scampered off toward the kitchen.

'Now we need a table and some light,' announced the engineer, 'but darned if I know how to say it.'

English commands produced no comprehension, so finally he pointed vigorously, if inelegantly, through the open shoji at the table and light in the next room where the aged couple still knelt, motionless as two Buddhas. The girl looked blank, but suddenly the old man roused himself to speak to her in a tone of authority. She carried his table in to us and then brought in the one electric light, draping its long cord over a hook in the rafters. The two old people were left on the bare mats of their apartment and behind them, now that it was in darkness, we could see the faint glow of a bean-oil lamp before a household shrine; it was the hour for family prayers.

'This is pretty good,' approved the engineer, stretching his long legs with abandon on the soft mats, his cards in one hand, a sandwich in the other

from which he sprinkled crumbs over the clean mats. 'I bid one without.'

We all sprawled around the table, nibbling at the sandwiches from our hamper, waxing animated over the game. Presently we saw the first little maid-servant tilting on high wooden clogs across the muddy courtyard, a yellow oil-paper umbrella over her head, two large bottles of beer under her arm. She and her companion served us daintily with the beer and delicious tea in tiny cups of blue-and-white Kyoto porcelain.

We were a lordly quartet for nearly an hour, engrossed in our game while the two girls served us on their knees and the other people knelt impassively in the dark room beyond watching us. Then we heard the hum of the motor and saw Suzuki coming through the courtyard toward us.

'All right, Dana San,' he informed the engineer. 'Policeman say no can do. We go back to hotel next town. Very big hotel there.'

'Guess we'd better,' answered the engineer; 'this place isn't much good. Tell these people to give us the bill, Suzuki.'

Suzuki's face took a curious sallow shade; some concealed emotion tightened the muscles around his mouth.

'Dana San,' he stammered, 'you make big mis-

take. No ask bill these people. This house no hotel. Belong rich man. Please make bow for thank you and come away quick.'

It was the most mortifying moment of my life. To think that we had vulgarly swaggered into a gentleman's house, disturbed him at his prayers, deprived him of light and furniture, ordered his servants about, and disported ourselves with unparalleled boorishness in his room!

The old gentleman added the last touch to our abasement by rising with perfect courtesy to bow us from his house; his servants refused a tip; we were not even allowed to pay for the beer which they had bought from a shop for us.

When we returned to Yokohama, we took counsel with a Japanese friend, buying with his aid an appropriate present which we forwarded to the old gentleman of Jimbohara. In return we received a punctilious acknowledgment, but I know that the remembrance of our American rudeness will never be obliterated in one country village of Japan.

CHAPTER XIX

THE GULF OF ALIEN CIVILIZATION

I HAVE spoken of us foreigners in Japan as non-assimilable, isolated from the brown people around us; and yet those who have lived in Japan will say: 'What about the bridges thrown across the gulf of alien civilizations, what about intermarriage?'

One cannot ignore that question, because its living fruits are visible everywhere in Japan, and yet it is a delicate one to handle because so enmeshed with prejudice.

There were marked racial divisions on the question, which represented in many cases racial 'hangovers' in thought. As might be expected, the majority of Anglo-Saxons not only viewed intermarriage with disapprobation, but visited opprobrium on the children of such marriages. In that attitude the social student might claim to find a reflection of negro problem in America, the Indian and African problems of Great Britain. Scandinavians, Germans, French, appeared to think little of the color line in marriage, and exhibited instances of apparently happy unions.

But the Japanese themselves, as far as I could find out, were as unalterably opposed to, and as ultimately contemptuous of, a mixed marriage as the most fanatical Anglo-Saxon. It is necessary to remember that the Japanese civilization is as old as European, far older than American; and that socially speaking the Japanese is quite as well satisfied with his own make-up as we are with ours. They may copy or adapt our mechanical devices, or even our political institutions, but they are still captains of their souls.

So much prejudice has complicated and obscured the matter that it is a little difficult to state clearly and precisely whether miscegenation between the white races and the Japanese results in physical deterioration or not. But to the best of my knowledge, it does not bring about any primarily bad results.

When I first went to Japan, I was warned by various people that to make friends with Eurasians, or to be seen with them in public, would utterly damn my career. Call it obstinacy, or sheer human decency, or what you will, I acquired a half-dozen Eurasian friends and another dozen acquaintances, and if I missed anything by it, I am happy in my ignorance, for I could never see that it made a bit of difference, except in adding some very pleasant hours and memories to my recollections of Japan.

Among my friends were first, second, and third generations of children from mixed marriages, and it is my impression that they were all a good-looking, healthy, 'smart,' and agreeable lot. The men, some of them, were superb specimens, crack athletes, good business men, straight-living. The women whom I knew were invariably domestic, fond of their children, well-mannered, and generous of heart.

And yet . . . they were always handicapped from birth by their inheritance, more or less ostracized (depending on how much money they had and whom they married) by the local society, both white and Japanese. Invitations to 'exclusive affairs' were not theirs; their children could not attend the school maintained by foreigners, but must go to a Catholic mission school or be sent abroad; important posts in large companies, where their command of two languages should have been an asset, were not for them.

The days when 'Madame Butterfly' was a true picture of Japan are over. In almost every case today, a white man living with a Japanese woman legalizes the arrangement, even though it puts a certain stigma upon him. A white man with a Japanese wife is tabu at little friendly social gatherings; the friend who does business with him daily in the office will avoid inviting him to dinner. He may

join one of the men's clubs, if he have money enough, but his Eurasian son will probably be black-balled if he puts him up for membership, and if he buys a ticket to a large ball, he will have the bitter experience of seeing his daughter condemned to sit all evening, a wall-flower.

However, marriage between a white man and a Japanese woman, if you ignore the unhappy fate of the offspring, may be quite a comfortable thing. For generations, Japanese women have been trained to accept a husband selected by their parents, and to make that husband happy and comfortable whatever their personal feeling for him.

A typical Japanese woman is a marvel of industry, cheerfulness, and self-abnegating service. She is perfectly contented to busy herself all day with her home and children and does not complain if he goes out for his good times without her. She endeavors to act as a glorified servant and succeeds admirably. But however pliable she may be, she rarely is adaptable. I knew a number of white men who had married Japanese wives; in each case they had lived together happily for so many years that the children were grown up, even married. But in no case had the little wife become in the least Europeanized. They did not even speak English after thirty years of life with their foreign spouses, though the hus-

bands had picked up Japanese, and of course the children spoke either language fluently.

Perhaps the most significant thing about these marriages were the houses, which, by their structure, epitomized the situation. These men, you understand, were all wealthy, and had built costly houses, set in large gardens with high walls about them. But to each house was attached a small wing built in pure Japanese style, with straw mats on the floor, sliding panels of white paper for walls, no heat, no chairs, no beds, no tables. There dwelt the little Japanese wife while the husband and children had their own quarters in the European part of the house. Mother was not at home in European surroundings, but neither could father accommodate his long legs to sitting on the floor. A Japanese woman sleeps on the floor, a thick quilt under her, another over her, and a block of wood for a pillow. Waking in the night, she sits up to have a few puffs of her little silver pipe, knocking out the dottle against the fire-pot with a ringing sound before she lies down again. A white man wants a box spring with feather pillows; and while he may tolerate a cigarette in his wife's fingers, he has a queer prejudice against her smoking a pipe in bed.

But, by virtue of the Japanese woman's self-effacing nature, such marriages usually are quite

satisfactory to the man who dreads living in bachelor quarters during his foreign exile.

The real tragedy comes when a white woman marries a Japanese. The event rarely takes place in Japan. I have known Japanese who had white mistresses, even as white men had Japanese butterfly brides, but as a rule there is little opportunity for marriage as the Japanese mingle very little with foreigners in social life. Furthermore, white women are not attractive to the majority of Japanese men. I have had Japanese men tell me that quite frankly, and the fact is so well established that, even in remote parts of the country, white men trust the natives implicitly where women are concerned.

So when a white woman marries a Japanese, you are almost sure to find that she met him in her own country, usually while he was a student in some university. Owing to the difficulties of the languages, Japanese students in foreign universities are often over thirty, and their families are apt to be wealthy; also the men themselves are above the average in intelligence. As a result, the white girl is charmed by his culture and the glamour of his foreign manners, while the accounts of his family and country seem romantic to her. But she has a grim awakening when she accompanies him to her future home, for she

finds that she is expected to merge herself utterly in the alien civilization.

I knew a French woman married to a Japanese who had lived for forty years in Tokyo. While he became a noted scientist in Japan, she was transformed into one of the most pathetic figures I ever met. After his death, she came to live in a small Japanese house near ours at the beach. My servants told me that a foreign 'Oku San' had moved in one stormy night, and just as one does at home, I sent over a tray of hot food and offer of assistance to my new neighbor.

She called on me later to thank me, clad in black clothes of the style of forty years ago, which she had perhaps made herself. She knew no English and her French was so rusty that perforce we conversed in Japanese, which she, of course, spoke perfectly. Her face was heavily lined, her hair gray, but there was will power and self-command in her features which indicated the resources that had enabled her to conquer a destiny that would have driven many women to futile rebellion.

For forty years she had been entirely cut off from her own kind, so that now it was actually difficult for her to speak her native language, as her husband had expected her to be in the house at his beck and call at all times, so that she could not entertain her

country women nor accept their invitations. She had kept house in Japanese style, eaten Japanese food, brought up her children as pure Japanese, in kimono and clogs.

Because she really loved her husband, she had done everything required of her as his wife. If she had rebelled, he would have divorced her, retaining the custody of the children. She told me that the only thing that had sustained her through those forty years was the hope of going back to France when he died.

'And now,' she said in her quiet voice, with tearless eyes, 'it is too late. My friends at home are dead or have forgotten me. I have even forgotten my mother tongue. I have become queer . . . yes, I realize it; I have lost the faculty of making new friends. My children have married Japanese and live here. I cannot go and leave them and my grandchildren. Life has cheated me throughout.'

This woman was a strong character, able to make her decision and abide by it without complaint, but a young Englishwoman of my acquaintance had less fortitude. She had been married for about eight years to a promising young Japanese professional man, and had two adorable children, but she was in perpetual ferment against the interference of his family, and truly they led her a miserable life. She

was blamed if she accepted an invitation from her own kind; she was nagged because she had insisted upon a little bungalow furnished in European style, and wanted to dress her babies in rompers instead of kimono; she was scored by her relations because she could not learn to relish Japanese diet. The poor girl was wretched because her husband spent many nights in Japanese diversions which ended in the licensed quarter, and quarreled continually and vainly with him. Over her head he held the whip of a threat of divorcing her and taking her children away from her. When I left Japan, shipwreck was already in sight for that marriage, a girl's life ruined, a man miserable, little children dragged into a turmoil not of their making.

As I have seen it, marriage between a white woman and a Japanese is a grave mistake; white women lack the desire and ability to subordinate themselves and their desires, as Japanese women can, and friction over the slightest details of everyday life is the inevitable result.

The pity of it all is the unhappy lot of the Eurasian children, flouted alike by Japanese and whites, despite their fine qualities and individual merits. A foreigner, who was 'number two' in the office of a large export firm, married a very attractive, well-educated girl of excellent reputation, who, however,

had Japanese blood in her veins as well as white. His manager, upon hearing of it, sent for the 'number two' man and told him, with brutal frankness, that his chances for promotion were nil on account of his marriage, that the firm would never make him manager since he was married to a Eurasian. It turned out to be the best thing that could have happened to the young chap. He promptly resigned, went into business for himself and was lucky enough to make a large fortune, while he and his wife were devoted to one another and extremely happy in their home.

Incidentally there was a curious ending to the tale. The manager had a charming daughter who fell in love with a young officer of a nation which has considerable colonial possessions. Soon after the engagement was announced, an old friend of the family revealed that the young officer's mother had been a native of one of the colonies in question, his father a colonial officer. The engagement was broken, and the girl's heart with it. Tongues wagged busily, proclaiming that the manager's chickens had come home to roost, in payment for the treatment of his 'number two' man.

A little incident of one of my walking trips illustrates both the eminent personal likableness of Eurasians and their groundless ostracism. A party of

us arrived at an inn in the country one night, to find it crowded with an influx of early comers who had engaged all the boats for the trip down the rapids of the river which was the next stage of the journey. It meant a three-day wait, until a boat could be poled back up the river for us, so we were very pleased to accept the kind offer, made by a young Eurasian lad who was making the trip alone, to share his boat down the river.

The next day proved one of the pleasantest I remember in Japan. We shot down the foaming river, through perilous rapids, around sharp curves with the most gorgeous scenery imaginable, for eight hours. The Eurasian was a handsome chap, of twenty-seven or eight, whose knowledge of Japanese procured him super-service. He had brought a porter along with a hamper of delicacies from Yokohama, and played host charmingly. We ate paté-de-fois-gras and caviar sandwiches, French pastries and cold meats, and drank champagne, all provided by this boy whose conversation was interesting and delightful.

A week later I was walking down the street in Yokohama with one of the party who had been on the trip, when we passed the Eurasian lad. I bowed, as his rikisha whirled past, caught a tightening of his lips and a cloud over his eyes, and turned to see my companion staring straight ahead.

'Why, that was ——' I said. 'Didn't you see him?'

'Oh, yes, but you shouldn't recognize him in Yokohama. He is a Eurasian,' responded that churlish consumer of champagne.

CHAPTER XX

ONE FATEFUL NEW YEAR'S

NEW YEAR'S in Nippon was a very gay affair, like Christmas, Easter, and the Fourth of July all rolled into one. For a week before the first of January, my back yard looked and sounded like a rookery filled with black crows. The 'crows' were the Japanese clerks of my different tradesmen, dressed in their best black silk kimono, gabbling while they waited like a lot of crows in a cornfield.

They were waiting for me to pay my bills. All year long I had gone in and out of shops buying whatever pleased my fancy or filled my needs, signing 'chits' instead of paying cash, and now the day of reckoning had come, for every one was supposed to start the New Year with every bill paid up. Checks not being in vogue in Japan, I would have a pile of paper, silver, and copper money in my desk that should logically have led to an influx of burglars, though it never did. All my servants knew that I would have perhaps a thousand yen in the house overnight; presumably the public at large would suspect as much; yet such was the honesty of the Japanese that nothing untoward ever happened.

One by one the 'crows' were called into audience to receive their money and each one, as he gave me a receipt, would present me with a New Year's gift. The grocer used to send a basket of champagne, the tailor brought silk 'undies,' the confectioner, of course, had made a marvelous fruit-cake frosted like a castle, and the florist would produce an adorable miniature junk of green pottery in which flourished a twelve-inch blossoming plum tree trained to represent the sail.

When all the bills were paid and the cackling in the back yard ceased as the crowd melted away, I would hear a mysterious monotonous thumping, regular as the beat of a tom-tom, from the Japanese village below the Bluff. In every house down there the women were pounding rice in great mortars to make the sticky cakes called 'mochi' which are as necessary to New Year's in Japan as holly is to Christmas with us. It was an awesome thing to hear that thumping, knowing as I did that on New Year's Day every Japanese of my acquaintance would bring a little lacquered box full of loathsome pallid sticky dumplings of mochi, and that my servants would watch with accusing eyes to see that I ate every bit of the mess, which tasted like the flour paste with which we made scrapbooks in my childhood.

At New Year's, Usui and I always went to the

banks of the canal near Theater Street, for the New Year's Fair was a sight not to be missed. For a mile the narrow road was lined with open-fronted booths of clean, shining rice straw, golden under the torch-light at night. Only one article was sold in each booth, which resulted in an artistic massing of the displays. One block would be filled with ropes of straw; little thin twists of twine, up to great cables three inches in diameter, hung from the ceiling like snakes. These were the shimenawa, symbol of the legendary rope with which the gods of evil were shut up in a cavern in the days of long ago.

Next would be a display of bright red lobsters set on a bed of dried seaweed with a couple of oranges added. These were not intended for delicatessen, but were to be affixed above the front door for good luck and prosperity, represented by the seaweed and the oranges, with the lobster, whose back is bowed like an old man's, standing for longevity.

Other booths were filled with kadomatsu, vases made of bamboo stalks with pine branches thrust into them. These were to be placed at either side of the door of a house, the pine symbolizing endurance in misfortune and the bamboo fidelity. Beyond was a row of booths where ornaments for household shrines and the shrines themselves were sold; a fascinating array of bronze candlesticks, lamps of an-

tique design for burning bean oil, brass flower vases and tiny porcelain dishes for offerings of tea and food to the gods.

Good cheer was not forgotten at New Year's, for some booths specialized in china sake bottles in bewildering variety of color and shape, with dainty little cups to match. The cups held no more than a thimbleful, which was fortunate, for a man might be required to quaff fifty cups of the potent liquor in healths at a single sitting.

The Fair at night was veritable fairyland, if we went down the long line of booths, elbowing past the smiling throng of purchasers and vendors, to the open square on the bank of the dark river. There were ranks upon ranks of wooden trestles where were set tiny trees in china pots of green, gray, or blue glaze; pine trees, maple trees, cherry trees and plum trees in blossom, their flowers gleaming stars upon the leafless bark. Some of the trees were a hundred years old; all were trained into picturesque shapes; none of them were a foot in height. On the shelves between the pots were hundreds of paper lanterns to light the wares. The effect was simply magical. You might pay a thousand yen for a fine specimen or as little as two yen for an ordinary one, but, unless you were more than human, you were sure to buy till your purse was empty.

The streets on New Year's Day were full of color and the holiday spirit. Every house had a lobster over the door, and tall sprays of pine and bamboo on either side of the threshold. Often the inhabitants of a street would club together to have a double row of tall willowy bamboo erected on both sides the length of the street. Cart-horses wore bright caparisons of red, white, and yellow cloth with red cords twisted in mane and tail.

Native business was abandoned while the populace thronged the streets in holiday attire; men in their best black silk with white family crest on sleeves and back of their kimono and a derby hat for ultimate elegance; women in sumptuous kimono of rich dark hues with gold brocade obi and coiffures gleaming from the hairdresser's hands. And the little girls . . . they were like lovely butterflies! Adoring mothers dressed them in silk crêpe kimono of bright purple, red, green, or pink with designs of cherry blossoms or storks. Their long sleeves floated behind them as they trotted along on scarlet-lacquered clogs holding the hands of their proud papas.

The air was thick with feathered missiles that kept one dodging as he walked, for every one was out playing hagaita, which is glorified battledore and shuttlecock. The shuttlecocks were tipped with

NEW YEAR'S DECORATIONS

PLAYING HAGAITA AT NEW YEAR'S

gayly colored feathers and the backs of wooden rackets were elaborately decorated. The smart thing was to have a stuffed figure of a popular actor mounted on the back of the racket with silken clothes pasted on and a wig of real hair above the painted face. Pretty little Japanese maidens loved the game, for it showed off their lithe figures and the quick play of their small wrists. It looked simple when we watched them knocking the feathered dart back and forth interminably, but Dana San, who had come home feeling festive from the flowing bowl which graced the United Club at noon, challenged our amahs to a game only to collapse breathless after half an hour with the girls still as fresh as daisies and the bystanders convulsed over his wild pursuit of the elusive shuttlecock. He declared the game beat handball or 'squash' all hollow for sheer exercise.

While the young folk were frolicking, their elders clacked seriously about the town on their geta from dawn to dark, for a truly polite Japanese must call personally on every one of his acquaintances to wish them 'Shinnen omedeto gozaimasu' (Happy New Year).

New Year's was the housekeeper's bane, for each servant must have two or three days off duty to make the ceremonial calls, so the foreigners gen-

erally went away for the whole Christmas week, to Kamakura, or Atami, or Miyanoshita where the hotels seemed to be more successful than the Oku San at persuading servants to continue their duties. The husbands and useful bachelors were free to join the exodus, as it was vain to try to transact any business with the Japanese at New Year's.

However, one New Year's I and my family were in no mood for merry-making. A bombshell exploded in our household that changed the whole tenor of our life, and left us, instead of figuring on a pleasant trip to the mountains, doing long sums to see if we could satisfy the hungry horde of black crows waiting in the back yard.

CHAPTER XXI

IN A JAPANESE VILLAGE

WHILE we teaed and tennised, gambled and made merry in our little water-tight compartment in Japan, back in New York the 'war baby' that paid our salary was evaporating into thin air.

We received, one day, like a bolt from the blue, a typewritten bit of yellow paper covered with the meaningless words of commercial codes, which, when translated, informed us that we were stranded high and dry five thousand miles from home.

Excellent discipline for the character; wonderful 'material' for a story; but not the kind of thing one wants to experience every day. In fact, once in a lifetime will suffice.

The event held a deeper significance for us than a mere change of job and letterheads.

Hitherto, though living in Japan, we had not been of it. Our funds were sent to us from America; our lives still patterned as much as possible on home standards. Clothes, furniture, food, we had sent out to us or copied from home models; our friends were of our own kind; the red-brick church around the

corner kept us in touch with our national Deity; the red-brick theater down the road catered to our national preferences on amusements; at the various clubs we indulged in our national sports; even our children were educated in our purely national ideals at our own school on the Bluff.

Every avenue which might lead to an interchange of customs or viewpoints between us and the Japanese was barricaded with the exception of the business approach; unless we were making money out of the Japanese or they out of us, we practically had no intercourse with them. It really appalls me, looking back on my first years in Japan to perceive my own insularity, making me feel that the dream of a universal brotherhood and world-wide citizenship must be long delayed by the deep-rooted instinctive barriers of alien civilizations.

After living for only six months in Arkansas one winter, I came back to New England with an unconscious Southern accent that caused many gibes from my family, yet I lived in Japan for years, and I defy any one to note even a trace of a Japanese accent in my speech. Far less would they see any changes in my habits of life adopted in imitation of the Japanese ways, even though intellectually I admire vastly certain traits which I observed in Nippon, and honestly believe that we Americans might

profitably borrow in many particulars from our Oriental kin.

This appreciation of good points in Japanese character and manners, I must confess, was not sought by me in humility of spirit, nor earnest desire to learn; it was forced upon me by the change in circumstances that caused us to leave the foreign colony and make our home in a Japanese house among Japanese people.

When the remains of the defunct New York company which he represented in Japan had been given decent interment, Dana San announced that he intended to go into business in Japan, incorporating under Japanese law, and to do this, we must cut our living expenses to the bone while the new business was getting under way.

Disposing of our house on the Bluff, with most of the furniture, we started the New Year by moving down to a small village on the shore, five miles from town, where we had a little Japanese house in which we had camped out in the hot summer months of previous years. Like most delightful things I enjoyed in Japan, this house had been found for me by the invaluable Usui.

Moving is simple in Japan: no haughty packers in possession of your house; no gigantic van into which everything is loaded with a precision and finality

that defy your efforts at the other end to have the baby's crib or the kitchen utensils unloaded before the drawing-room furniture!

Instead, on the morning we intended to fold our tent and flit, faithful Usui brought up a convoy of two-wheeled carts drawn by jolly brown-legged coolies. Busy feet ran in and out, bearing our household gods to be laid tenderly in the carts; the servants, carrying their few belongings tied up in gay-colored squares of cloth, pattered away on their geta to ride down to the new house in the densha, a funny little tram which burrowed under the Bluff and ran across the plain to the Shuten, or terminal, a mile from our new house; and when everything was loaded, the babies and I climbed into our rikisha to be whirled down the hill by Usui.

The road, after we left the Bluff, wound across a plain to the small village of Honmoku where the tram line ended. Honmoku boasted a couple of inns famed for gyunabe, a street of little shops where one could buy toys, geta, silk and cotton cloth, or tobacco, three Buddhist temples, one large Shinto shrine, and a kennel of Tosa fighting dogs.

The Tosa dogs are the most magnificent and fiercest dogs I have ever seen: coal black, thick curly hair; the massive frame of a Saint Bernard, strong chest of a bull dog, and leonine head; they were the

terror of the town when taken out for their daily airing. They are reputed to be untamable, and I can testify that they appeared thoroughly unmanageable, for although they were fitted with a harness of two-inch thick scarlet cord, they tugged their master along quite at their own will. The man always carried a stout club, and the villagers gave the dogs a wide berth whenever they appeared, but even so I knew of a small boy on a bicycle being dragged down and fearfully mangled before the dogs could be clubbed off.

Dog-fighting used to be a sporting pastime in Japan, the fighting dogs commanding high prices while large wagers were made upon the matches. At present the sport is forbidden by law, but the existence of this kennel led me to suspect that, if one were 'in the know,' he might still witness a match in some secluded spot. It was said that the dogs had nothing wolf-like about their attack, but went straight for the throat, to cling there interlocked until one (generally both) was dead. The last one to draw breath was adjudged the victor. Of course sometimes a particularly powerful animal would survive a number of fights and win much money for his master.

The breed is magnificent, and, I believe, could be introduced into other countries where more humane

treatment would succeed in making them agreeable companions. Surely no dog-lover could see a Tosa dog without yearning to own him.

Parenthetically, the Japanese seemed peculiar in their ideas about canines. Snuffling, pop-eyed sleeve dogs were great favorites. A thousand dollars was frequently paid for one of these spaniels; they were nurtured like ailing infants, fed with grated fish and rice to repletion, and actually carried like babies on women's backs for an airing. However, larger dogs were tolerated only as scavengers or watch-dogs and treated with such cruelty and abuse that they degenerated into a skulking mongrel race. The worst of it was that these street dogs cherished the most extreme aversion for all foreigners. Candid Japanese have told me that to them all foreigners have an unpleasant personal odor; perhaps the dogs feel the same way about it.

At any rate, walking through a village or country dotted with farmhouses was a succession of unpleasant encounters, as one dog after another charged out to snarl at the Eijin San. Usually they crept up treacherously to snap at my heels, but occasionally a big brute would launch a direct attack.

I learned to carry a stout cane when on foot, and needed it badly one day in a small shop where, as soon as I stepped under the cotton awning, a tawny

THEY PRINK IN JAPAN, TOO

FARMER'S DAUGHTER OFF TO MARKET

dog as large as a collie flew straight for my throat. The most maddening part of the incident was that the dog's mistress did nothing to calm the dog (probably she knew that he would not obey her) and six or seven Japanese men passing in the street stood by as interested spectators while I beat the dog off with my cane and gave him a thrashing which I hope taught him to leave foreign women alone.

However, as Usui was not a foreigner, he bowled us along the winding lanes toward our new house without interruption from the dogs until I called to him suddenly to stop.

'Usui, am I seeing things? *What* are those animals over the hedge?' I cried in astonishment.

'Camels, Oku San,' he answered cheerfully, which assured me that I was not having hallucinations.

Camels are about the last creatures one would expect to find at large in a Japanese garden, but there they were, a whole family of them; ill-favored old male, two of his harem, and a funny awkward baby, all legs, angles, and fuzz. Usui explained that a traveling circus having gone bankrupt in Yokohama, a daring inhabitant of Honmoku had speculated in camels at the auction, only to find that camels were as bad as white elephants, for he could not get rid of them for love or money. Hopefully waiting for a turn in fortune, he hobbled them and

turned them out to graze in his garden, and as long as we lived in Honmoku I used to have to make a daily pilgrimage with the babies to see the camels.

The little winding lanes of Honmoku were not wide enough to permit motor traffic. Their surface was beaten hard and smooth by the rubber-tired rikishas and the clacking geta of pedestrians, except in the rainy season when they were bottomless quagmires of mud. High hedges of shrubs trained on bamboo trellises hid the diminutive gardens and little straw thatched cottages.

Our house had a tile roof and a wooden fence with roofed gate on the road, though the other three sides, of necessity, were enclosed by a fence of wooden slats that allowed the wind to blow through, as the house stood on a sandy point where sea breezes blew so incessantly that shrubs could not grow nor solid fences stand.

This was rather a good thing, for the open fence allowed our neighbors to see as much as they wished of the details of our manner of living, encouraging an intimacy which I enjoyed. You really have to feel friendly with people who look in on you as you lie in bed to call cheerily, 'Komban wa,' or, 'O hayo gozaimasu!' depending on whether they pass at night or in the early morning. A misanthrope would be sorely tried in a Japanese village!

CHAPTER XXII

THE AFFABLE ICEMAN

ALTHOUGH so near the city, Honmoku was a typical small village, whose inhabitants soon hailed me cheerfully in neighborly fashion as I walked through the narrow streets teeming with every-day life.

The vicinity of the shore was populated by fishermen and their families, living six or seven strong in two-room thatched cottages. On the sand through the day lay the sampans which at night cruised back and forth in the bay with flaming cressets in the bow setting the great nets. They were propelled by a giant sweep, twenty feet long, shipped at the stern, which the men standing on a platform shoved back and forth with a sinuous motion bending forward with one leg outthrust, and pulling back with a powerful sweep. When speed was essential, or waves ran high, five or six men, swaying in unison to the rhythm of a weird chant, would grasp the oar together.

That chant was as reliable as radio reports from a weather bureau at home. After a spell of bad weather, before I could see even a rift in the clouds, suddenly down the wind would come a high-pitched

ringing chorus and, looking out, I would see the entire flotilla sweeping past filled with brown men in straw raincoats with blue cotton towels twisted pirate-wise about their black heads; and I would know the storm would soon be over. The fishermen's knowledge of weather lore was remarkable; but it was dearly bought wisdom, for the open sampans are poor craft in a seaway and every year hundreds of unwary fishermen are swept out to sea to death.

Our house faced east, directly upon the ocean fifty feet away, and it was my habit to wake at dawn to watch the sun come booming up out of the water. In the rosy light, off to the east, taking shape out of the mist and darkness, would appear the fishing fleet, low-laden with the night's haul, the men crouching chilled and weary, the oblong sails set to run before the landward breeze. The sails were of white canvas, but each boat had a different design of brown patches. In the pearly light, wreathed with curling mists the fleet homeward bound was a picture to remember.

The catch had to be preserved alive, since so much of Japan's fish is eaten raw, so off the beach floated a number of large baskets moored to booms in which the fish were imprisoned until wanted. These baskets, washed ashore at times, were about

eight feet high with narrow mouths to prevent the escape of the fish; I never saw one without thinking of Ali Baba and his forty thieves and wishing I were ten years old to play at the game on the beach in the baskets.

A long stretch of mud flats near our point ran out into shoals that often brought large vessels to disaster, and here the fishermen had a seaweed farm. Seaweed being a staple article of diet in Japan, its drying and shipping forms a large industry. In some places choice varieties are plucked from the rocky bottom by divers, but at Honmoku the weed was cultivated like any other crop.

After the typhoon season had blown over, about the middle of October women began to trudge through the village with great loads of young trees stripped of their leaves, but with the brushy branches left intact. These were driven down into the mud, acres of them arranged in long parallel rows where the tide ebbed over them twice daily, while the green fern-like seaweed collected on the branches and flourished until the farmers waded out to pick it off. It did not seem a pleasant occupation, this wading in icy water up to the armpits for hours, but the work was undertaken cheerfully and regularly by the old men and women who could not share in more strenuous activities.

All through the winter and spring on sunny days every little back yard blossomed with rows of wooden frames on which the seaweed carefully picked over and arranged in layers on straw mats was dried, looking like a six-inch square doily of green lace. This form of seaweed was wrapped around boluses of cooked rice and considered a great delicacy. Certainly the Japanese had no need to fear goitre, for their diet of fish and seaweed is rich in iodine content.

Among the Japanese houses of the village there were one or two other foreigners, drawn thither by various necessities even as we. I passed one day a house so small, so poor that it had no garden or hedge to hide its bareness. Its open shoji revealed four straight chairs and a wooden table set starkly on the tatami. On the table burned two lighted tapers stuck in bottles, one at either end of a small wooden box draped in a coarse sheet, and on one of the chairs sat a girl with the high cheek-bones and wide face of a Russian. Her dark hair was clipped close; she wore a dress of white silk, yellow and creased in the style of evening gowns ten years before. In the grayish morning light she sat alone in her queerly ornate dress, her hands clasped tightly in her lap, her head bowed, beside the wooden box with the two burning tapers. Poverty, tribulation, tragedy breathed from the room.

I stopped, with that common impulse we feel in strange lands for one with whom we can talk a common language, but there was nothing I could do for her, in her sorrow. Later I came to know her better, as another victim of the Russian Revolution, who came to borrow avidly all my books and show me a photograph of a lovely young girl whom I would never have recognized as herself.

Another time I was walking down the beach under a yellow August moon with tiny waves leaving phosphorescent scallops on the sand at my feet. Behind me was the village where children darted about playing games, and on the soft tatami of the little houses women crooned to sleepy babies. I paused beside a wall surmounted by straggling pine branches from trees in the garden within, because some one in the house behind the wall was playing Chopin's Second Polonaise, all the sin and sorrow of a sophisticated world bound up in its dirge-like melody. No Japanese would play that polonaise with its difficult technique.

The music stopped, but I waited, hoping it would recommence. Suddenly a man in kimono leaned over the wall, watching the moon. At my start of surprise, he begged my pardon in English. We spoke a moment about the music, he remarked that he had noticed there was no piano in my house,

would I not use his in the daytime when he was at his office?

When I went to the house in daylight, I found a Japanese woman and several little Eurasian children who saluted me politely and retired to the kitchen leaving me to play unmolested. On the wall was a collection of autographed photographs of the leading musicians of Europe with inscriptions in German to their 'Well-beloved pupil and friend . . .' Wagner was there, his arm about a slim young fellow with the features of the man who had spoken to me over the wall dressed in a Japanese kimono. No one in Yokohama could tell me anything of the man; I never learned his real name nor his history; I could only guess why such talent was buried for a lifetime in a tiny house in a Japanese village.

Walking through the village with my babies, I scraped acquaintance with the busy little housewives, cooking their rice or making clothes in the sun at the door of their houses while their children played around. The children, of course, were the basis of our mutual introductions, for, as the mother of three little boys of my own, I measured up satisfactorily to the standards of the gentle little women.

Koriya San, the iceman, was one of the substantial citizens of our village. Artificial ice has taken Japan by storm, so Koriya San was a successful

merchant, reputed to be worth a million yen. He had earned it by hard work and his wealth had not altered his scale of living. My first acquaintance with him came one day on the beach when I encountered him thriftily picking up the bottles that had washed ashore from passing liners.

'Oku San, would you be so good as to read these labels and tell me what is good to eat? I should be sorry to poison my family, but I cannot read English.'

I recommended a bottle half-full of tomato catsup and saved him from eating brown shoe polish on his evening rice, so after that we were fast friends. Koriya San was always worried lest I should not be perfectly comfortable in my Japanese house, for the old man had journeyed to Yokohama where he saw the large houses foreigners built for themselves.

'Oku San,' he would say, 'you must use my telephone. Give the number to your friends and come up whenever you feel like telephoning yourself.'

Being a true patriot, Koriya San had presented his country with five sons, not to mention four daughters, so he inaugurated a messenger service for my benefit that rivaled the Western Union for efficiency. Any time of day or night, I might hear a clatter of geta down the road and a shrill little voice at my door:

'Oku San, Denwa yo' (Telephone, lady).

Many a time I have sprung from my bed or the bathtub to fling on a kimono with my amah tugging to knot the obi securely around my waist, stuck my feet into a pair of geta, and shuffled up the lane after the flying tails of my messenger.

I inquired of Usui whether I ought not to remunerate the messengers at least, if not Koriya San, for their trouble.

'Oh, no, Oku San' said he, 'that would be very rude; you would offend Koriya San. One does not reward courtesy with money.'

And certainly the courtesy never flagged, so I judged that Usui had gauged Koriya San's spirit with more nicety than I.

Toward evening the bath was ready at the public bathhouse down the street, as the pool had been emptied, scrubbed, refilled, and heated through the day, and in the evening all the people of the village went strolling past, clean clothes in one hand, towel and soap in the other, for a gentle soak and a good gossip. It is no longer the custom in Japan for the sexes to bathe together, and there were separate entrances marked 'Otoko' and 'Onna' (male and female), but modesty is not one of the Western customs adopted by the Japanese. In the summer men generally wore a cool costume of scarlet fundoshi

(loincloth) while women dropped their kimono to the waist and kilted to the knees with absolute unconcern.

Koriya San, being such a friend of mine, always stopped when he met me on the street, for a little chat, and in the summer, it seemed as if I was always meeting him on his way home from the bath.

He had been steaming himself for an hour in water at 125° F. so naturally he did not feel like putting on his clothes just for the quarter-mile walk home. I used to wonder what my friends in New England would say if they could see a snapshot of me standing in idle converse in the street with the village Crœsus clad in his birthday suit!

CHAPTER XXIII

PAPER WALLS AND STRAW MATS

OUR house at Honmoku had been built by a wealthy old gentleman of Yokohama, Nakamura by name, as a summer home where he could enjoy the society of his little grandchildren. Just at the time when we wanted the house, the grandchildren had all reached the age where they were in business, unable to have a long summer vacation with the grandfather, and the invaluable Usui discovered that the house could be rented.

It stood on a little point so near the water that in typhoons the great waves breaking on the seawall deluged our eastern wall, driving us to cover behind the strong wooden shutters called 'amado'; but in clear weather we had a marvelous view across the bay toward Yokosuka, the chief Japanese naval base, where there were always warships or skittering seaplanes to watch. As two walls of our upper room were entirely of glass sliding panels, which in summer were removed entirely, we had a front seat at the Emperor's Naval Review, and on any day the panorama was so inspiring that an English poet who wandered down to see us insisted he felt an epic burgeoning within his soul in that room, which he

could write if he could only stay long enough. As there were only three rooms in the house, and five in the family already, we had to decline his proposition in spite of the loss to posterity.

Entering our little house, we stepped up first onto a three-foot wide veranda with dark polished wood floor walled with sliding panels in which the plutocratic Nakamura had set panes of glass. This roka was separated from the rooms by another set of sliding screens covered with translucent white rice paper; these were by the shoji, and only by drawing them close, excluding light and air, could we achieve any privacy. We came to understand sympathetically the Japanese custom of carrying on all the business of everyday life in full view of the world; though I must confess that I drew the line, when traveling, at disembarking in the morning to perform my toilet on the station platform. The Japanese passengers, during a ten-minute wait at a convenient station, used to crowd out on the platform to a double row of wash-basins without the slightest sign of a screen around them where they took sponge baths or brushed their teeth with more attention to sanitation than modesty.

To return to our roka: it was there that we removed our shoes to put on soft slippers, for the rooms were floored with tatami of pale golden rice

straw kept spandy clean. Incidentally that is one Japanese custom which I heartily endorse. Our foreign friends sometimes groaned when we inexorably insisted that they unlace their boots before entering; but it really is an admirable custom. One soon gets used to the routine of slipping off one's shoes, and the freedom from dust, mud, and germs as well as the quiet that reigns in the house reconciles one to the slight trouble.

Two walls of the room were formed by the shoji, as I have said; the third, behind which steep stairs led upstairs and a small passage to the kitchen, was of clean white plaster; and the north wall was sliding panels again, concealing the todana, or closets, where the Japanese hide their bedding by day. This north wall also contained the tokonoma, the little recess where the Japanese display a single precious painting or vase.

The todana panels were pictures in themselves; downstairs a creamy ground with sketchy design of black pine tops etched against a wash of pale blue, infinitely simple, yet calculated cunningly to increase the apparent size of the apartment by giving the illusion of looking off into space from a cliff; upstairs the panels were covered with silk, aged to a rich yellow, on which a branch of cherry blooms was silhouetted against a rising moon.

Also in the upper room were two panels closing off a small dressing-room, which occasioned enormous trouble. They seemed to be merely heavy paper covered with four vertical rows of Chinese characters in black Indian ink, but Nakamura stipulated that we were to take the utmost care to keep them unmarred, saying that those two panels, no larger than a couple of theater posters, were worth a thousand yen. Paper walls are fragile, and with three babies in the house (for there were three now), I felt the risk too great, so begged him to replace them with something less valuable. Impossible, averred the old man; they belonged in the house.

My feminine curiosity drove me to seek for the reason of such preciousness. I asked my servants, but found none who could decipher the hieroglyphics. Then I asked every Japanese whom I could inveigle into the room, my teacher, clerks from the office, university graduates, until at length a scholar, expert in calligraphy, was found to give me a translation:

'Sitting in the upper room at Honmoku, how peaceful the moon upon the water.'

It scarcely seemed that the most ultra of æsthetics could have held those few words worth a thousand yen, but the scholar explained that it was not the sentiment, but the exquisite brushwork which

counted. Calligraphy in Japan is a fine art ranking with painting or sculpture; the more quirks and quiddles a man can incorporate into a Chinese character to make it illegible, the higher the art. If that viewpoint were to be transported to America, how some of our execrated correspondents would be lauded!

When we made our hegira to Honmoku, we had already spent three summers there, living the first year in pure Japanese style with not one stick of foreign furniture in the house. But two months of sitting upon our heels by day and sleeping at night on the same tatami convinced us that foreign muscles are not made for such Spartan simplicity. Half an hour of sitting motionless upon one's legs produces 'pins and needles'; an hour brings agonizing cramps, and a whole day leaves one stretched prostrate in complete flaccidity. It being rather difficult to eat or write or sew lying at full length, when we betook ourselves to Honmoku as permanent residents, we sacrificed the beautiful bareness of our Japanese rooms to a little sordid comfort in the shape of chairs and table downstairs and a great divan in the room above where we could lounge at ease looking out over the water.

However, the diminutive rooms restricted the furniture to the absolute minimum, so the house-

keeping was very simple. All the woodwork, planed but unpainted or varnished, was wiped down each morning with a clean cloth wrung out in cold water; the wooden floor of the roka was also polished with a damp cloth, and as this had been done religiously for thirty years, the wood had taken on a dark finish that was far handsomer than a hardwood floor. The only thing that surpassed it in my estimation was the wonderful flooring of red lacquer in the Tokugawa Shrines at Nikko, but a humble individual like myself could hardly hope for such magnificence, and even the Tokugawa Shoguns had to die to achieve it.

The tiny little Japanese women had a peculiar traditional method of polishing the floors; grasping in both hands their zokin (damp rag), they would bend over from the waist with knees stiff to place it on the floor and run in that position the length of the roka, bearing all their weight on their hands. The result was admirable, but somehow, after watching them I feel that it would require more than records set to music to popularize that exercise with portly American housewives.

After mopping, the amahs swept the tatami with brooms of twigs, dusted the house with a brush of silk streamers; and lo, the housework was done. But there was one task never finished, or only finished to be recommenced; the mending of the shoji. The

soft white paper, stretched taut upon the frames, split in tatters in the wind, while a careless movement punched a hole right through it. At least once a day, if not oftener, the little amah, her head bound up in a blue cotton towel to protect her coiffure, would have to mix up a bowl of rice paste, bring out brushes, shears, and a roll of fresh paper, and repair the damages.

When I think of the perversity of my own babies, who were possessed to wet their fingers and punch holes in every clean sheet they saw, I do a little sum in mental arithmetic: say, ten million homes the length and breadth of Japan, with an average of four babies in each, and ten million patient little mothers pasting up the holes. Arithmetic not being my strong point, I will not set the answer down in cold print, but I assure you it is stupendous, particularly when you remember it had been going on for centuries. I asked an old woman once how they endured it. Wrinkling up her eyes in the tenderness all Japanese women have for babies, she chuckled as she answered:

'You know the proverb, Oku San? It says that a child who never pokes a hole in the shoji will grow up a fool!'

We learned the comfort of Japanese clothing in our house at Honmoku, though we never had the

courage to wear it anywhere else. A kimono is delightfully cool in summer, though there is a knack to wearing it skillfully, so that its folds remain decorously in place as you move about, for there are no pins or buttons, nothing by way of mooring but the obi about your waist. Of course by Japanese standards, they had to be washed frequently, and then the little amahs ripped each garment apart and pasted the pieces, when washed, on a long planed board which dried them as smoothly as though ironed. Afterward they had to be run up again, with the long basting stitches used by Japanese women, for 'Blue Monday' is not only washing day in Japan, but tailoring day as well.

Once I had my hair done up in Japanese style by a regular Kamiyui San (hairdresser), who mourned because she was obliged to do it in the sober style of a married woman instead of the gay abandon of a young girl. 'Do it like an O Jo San (young girl) anyway,' I suggested, and was properly rebuked by the horror of my attending amahs at such levity. In Japan a woman's coiffure is her badge of servitude; I think the custom was inaugurated to keep you from making the mistake of saluting a geisha attendant at a party as the mistress, but of course that is only my own opinion. At any rate, the geisha fares best, for she can wear all the gorgeous bits of

colored crepe and silver tinsel and long hairpins of jade or gold, while the mistress of the house has three sober puffs at the back of the head and her daughter can only twist her back hair like a folded fan with a twist of colored ribbon in it.

The Kamiyui San, after shampooing and drying my hair, seized a long strand and rubbed it till it squeaked, with a cake of camellia wax, precisely as a musician rosins his bow. Japanese women always submit to this form of torture because it disposes the hair to stay in place for a week at a time, thereby doing away with hats and such expensive frivolities; but it took me three weeks and unlimited shampoos to get the wax out of my hair, so I never repeated the experience.

The babies, of course, ran around in delicious freedom in the little kimono the amahs made for them. One day some guests at tea criticized me unfavorably for allowing the children to wear the geta, but the American naval doctor happened to come by.

'Nonsense,' said he, with quarter-deck authority in his tone, 'nothing more sensible. Every one ought to wear them. Geta do not pinch the toes, nor break down the arch of the foot; they leave the skin open to air and sunshine, and they encourage a natural gait with the weight on the ball of the foot. Do you ladies happen to know that in the Navy we

UMBRELLA SHOP IN THE VILLAGE

AFTERNOON TEA IN JAPAN

prescribe an exercise for flatfoot which consists of picking up pebbles with the toes? It is precisely the same thing as holding the geta on with the toes.'

Thereafter the babies wore their geta unmolested, and I rejoiced, for a pair of geta can be bought for thirty-five sen, which is seventeen and one half cents in American money!

CHAPTER XXIV

GASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERIES

LIKE all immigrants in any strange land, we foreigners could not accustom ourselves readily to the Japanese diet, but yearned so for our own fleshpots that we submitted to high prices and inferior goods in the effort to maintain the cuisine to which we had been born and bred.

Japan furnishes very few native substitutes for European food. Rice, of course, we could eat, and the fish and sweet potatoes, but vegetables were a problem and sweets practically non-existent.

The Japanese people, driven by their small percentage of arable land in ratio to the population, have inured themselves to a noisome method of intensive fertilization that enables them to get two and sometimes three crops a year on the little patches of earth available; but not only was the idea repugnant to us foreigners, but the results actually dangerous. Eating raw vegetables, such as lettuce, cucumber, tomatoes, or fruits like strawberries, which grow very well in Japan, we ran the risk of unmentionable intestinal diseases in appalling variety, and thus in our menu we were restricted to

vegetables which could be thoroughly cleansed and boiled.

Eggplant, beans and brussels sprouts! I ate enough of them to turn me into a rabbit; we even sometimes served *boiled* cucumbers, in an effort to have a change, but they were insipid to the *n*th degree.

Chickens were tough and skinny; beef and mutton flavorless and not always to be secured. In their season pheasants were a great treat to us, with their plump breasts bursting with sweet white meat; and all the year round we could have delicious fresh fish.

Butter and staples were all imported, and the most important kitchen utensil was a can-opener. Sometimes, in spite of the high prices we paid, the goods were not of the best quality. I remember a tin of Australian butter, at something like a dollar and a half the pound, which when opened was found to be permeated with long silky hairs.

Indignantly clutching the tin, I hied me straight to the shop, kept by a canny Frenchman, and demanded a new can.

'But, Madame, if there are hairs in the butter, it is of a certainty the hairs of your cook,' declared the shopkeeper.

Triumphantly I removed the cover and 'gave him to look,' in his own idiom.

'Find me a Japanese cook with silky yellow hair three inches long, and I'll pay you double,' I told him. 'This is *goat* hair!'

After we moved down for summers into the little Japanese house by the beach, I did learn to enjoy some kinds of Japanese food, and usually had Japanese chow for tiffin. Also we went sometimes to a small native inn in the village for a regular feast of 'gyunabe,' literally translated as 'cow in a sauce-pan.'

The inn was built in a hollow square around a delightful little garden, and we would engage a room where sitting on the soft tatami we might enjoy the glimpse of gnarled pines and stone lanterns without. A couple of little Ne San would stagger in under the weight of iron braziers filled with burning charcoal, and, while one fanned the charcoal with a paper fan, the other skillfully tweaked the coals into a flat surface with a pair of iron chopsticks and set a handleless copper skillet atop. Into the skillet went a flood of various sauces from china bottles; dark sticky shoyu made of fermented beans, clear yellow miso, and a generous dose of the potent rice wine, sake. Next came long shredded strings of negi, the Japanese onion; a couple of beaten eggs, and paper-thin slices of raw beef.

For five or ten minutes the mixture simmered while the little maids brought in six-inch-high tables

and spread them with lacquered bowls, dishes of pickles, and tiny cups for sake. Beside the table on the floor were set the wooden tubs hooped with shining copper, which held the hot rice closely covered. At last the stew, with its maddeningly delicious smell, was pronounced 'done,' and the cooks deftly filled the lacquer bowls, lifting out the meat and twining the long strings of negi around their chopsticks like macaroni.

Each guest had a pair of new chopsticks, still partially adhering as guarantee that they had not been used before, with a toothpick cunningly carved so as to drop out when the pair was split open; and then the reason for lacquer bowls instead of china became evident. The stew was hot; the meat four or five inches in length, negi twice as long; the only implements for conveying them to the mouth a couple of wooden knitting-needles! The best way was to fling table manners to the wind, turn your back on would-be censorious people from home-side, lift your lacquered bowl, which was cool on the outside, as near the mouth as possible and inhale the stew. Five or six bowls of gyunabe, or tori nabe, which was chicken prepared in the same manner, filled one so comfortably that the rest of the evening was likely to be passed sprawling comfortably and reminiscently upon the tatami.

Totani, this little inn, was a favorite spot of mine, so one day, when an internationally known banker, who was in Japan on important affairs, became wearied of the never-ending official banquets in his honor, and begged me and Dana San to hide him somewhere for one peaceful evening, we took him down to Totani.

In the room across the garden from us that night was a group of Japanese college boys having a graduation banquet. They made so much racket that we closed our shoji, and presently, well-filled with gyunabe, got into a conversation so interesting that we forgot the boys and hardly noticed when the hullabaloo ceased. When we opened the shoji to start home, the room across looked like a battle-field. The Japanese had been drinking beer and sake mixed with dire effect. Some sixty of them were stretched at full length upon the tatami, with cold white cloths on their heads, while the little Ne San went from one to another ministering to them.

I suspect that the banker's incognito was not perfect, for he was rather a famous man. At any rate, as we passed the hospital ward, on our way out, one of the Japanese struggled swaying to his feet and managed quite a creditable bow under the circumstances.

'Goodu ebenin', sir. I am berry guradu to weru-

come you to Nippon. I speak Ingerisu. Sorry to say, sir, I am berry much intoxicate.' And he collapsed on the tatami to have a fresh cloth applied to his dizzy head.

I think that was the most ingenuous welcome of the hundreds that the banker had received in Japan.

A glance into a Japanese kitchen furnishes much excuse for the peculiarities of their diet. The little housewives have to squat on the ground before a foot-high stand of red earthenware which looks more like a flower pot than the family stove. It is called a 'shichirin,' and the top is hollowed out into a perforated basin for the charcoal embers which are ignited by a blaze of twigs built under the stand. Rice is boiled in copper kettles over the charcoal, and fish may be broiled on an iron grill, but that is the limit of her resources.

In the old days fish, broiled or raw, soup, and rice were the staples of Japanese diet, but since the coming of the foreigner the Nipponese have learned to like bread, milk, coffee, and meat. Butcher shops are springing up all over the land, but many of them display an artistic decoration of red cherry blossoms painted over the door, and it behoves the dainty eater to know the meaning of the sign if he would avoid epicurean surprises, for the red cherry blossom

is the symbol required by law over all shops where horse meat is sold.

Pasture land being scarce in Japan, beef and mutton are usually imported from Australia via Shanghai, and butchering as an art is not yet well mastered. Outside of port cities like Yokohama, if I wanted a steak or chop, I had to go to the butcher shop myself and carve the desired morsel from a carcass whose head, hide, and horns still ornamented it.

Milk in Japan is sold in soda-pop bottles, with a barelegged brown youth as the dispenser carrying a clanking bunch of bottles over his shoulder and not above helping himself to a sip from a bottle en route, replacing the content by a method not unknown to milkmen the world over.

Candy, as we know it, cannot be had in Japan. Instead they serve dainty sugary cakes made of rice, the paste skillfully moulded to counterfeit whatever blossoms are in season. Give a Japanese baby a penny to buy sweets, and he will toddle straight for the corner shop where a wrinkled old dame presides over a giant copper boiler filled with red-coated sweet potatoes. Japan's thousands of children must eat millions of 'Satsuma imo' yearly, and to judge by the evidence, the sweet potatoes are as effective a facial unguent as old-fashioned bread and molasses!

Dessert at a Japanese meal consists of several bowls of rice and then some more rice. The rice is not served until all the other dishes have been polished off, and a good trencherman thinks nothing of winding up a meal with five or six bowls of flaky hot rice. Dried seaweed is eaten often with rice, the iodine content undoubtedly accounting for the rarity of goitre in Japan; and another favorite condiment for the rice is grated or pickled daikon.

Daikon might be called the garlic of Japan, so widespread and all-pervading is its aroma, but it is far more disagreeable to the neophyte than garlic. The crop is pretty to look at, for it is marketed in long white roots, as thick as a man's arm, but tapering gracefully, and invariably scrubbed in some dirty pool till it shines as white as sea sand. Its taste brings tears to my eyes, but it is beloved of the Japanese, and science has recently turned up a good reason for their craving for it. Daikon, it seems, is rich in diastase, which assists the process of converting the starch of rice into sugar for energy; so that without daikon, the nation might have acute indigestion over the tons of rice it consumes annually.

Next to rice, fish is the most universal article of diet, and the waters around the Island Empire provide an inexhaustible variety, from whale meat

down to the tiny whitebait that must be threaded six on a toothpick to cook lest they be lost in the kettle.

There are large fish to be boiled, with the eye reserved as a special treat for the guest. It is rather startling the first time you lift the red lacquer cover of your soup bowl and find a defunct fish-eye leering up at you! Then there are flat fish that are broiled, and eels, lobsters, crabs, and shellfish of all descriptions, including the giant awabi, its shell larger than a man's head, its meat sufficient for a meal for a family.

Bonito are dried hard as shingles, stacked like cordwood, and grated over the rice. This katsuobushi makes delicious sandwiches and should be a good export to America.

And of course there is raw fish. Raw oysters we foreigners are used to, but the first bite of raw fish is generally taken at a gulp with closed eyes. It is served in long thin slices, in color red or white, though the red is supposed to be the choicest. One is supposed to spear a slab with the chopsticks, wallop it around in some shoyu sauce, and down it slowly, chewing to savor the utmost relish. Confidentially, I consider it as tough as gum rubber and as appetizing as a mouthful of glue.

Octopus in the market was always a disgusting

sight. My cook used to fish for them in front of the house at the beach, but I never could bring myself to eat them. The long arms, as thick as a young tree, bear the sucker cups along one side, and as the flesh is gristly, they look about as inviting as a portion of automobile non-skid tire!

At my first meal in San Francisco, after several years in Japan, I earned the contempt of the waiter by ordering exactly what I had been dreaming about for a good many years: three dozen raw oysters, heart of lettuce salad with cheese dressing, and about three bowls of strawberries! They tasted like ambrosia and nectar to my starved palate.

However, the railway lunches in Japan have features that might most acceptably be transplanted to other countries. As the train pulls into a station, one hears on all sides a shrill howl: 'Bento! O Bento-o-o-o!' A boy, with tray slung around his neck, passes to you through the window, in exchange for seventeen and a half cents in American money, two small boxes of clean new white wood. As the train goes on, you settle down to your luncheon. In one box is a tiny earthenware teapot filled with Japanese tea which needs no sugar, cream, or lemon, and a handleless cup. These are to be thrown away, as every package contains a brand-new outfit for your individual use.

The other box has a carefully fitted sliding cover and within is divided into compartments, with a new pair of chopsticks lying across the top. Half the box is filled with flaky cold or hot rice; one compartment holds pickles, of cucumber, lotus root, or the inevitable daikon; another has a square of cold leathery omelet, and tucked into the corners are oranges, persimmons, or a handful of chestnuts.

No dishes to wash, no forks or knives or spoons to collect; you have only to eat your food with the chopsticks and throw the boxes in a waste container. Your service has been dainty, food satisfying, and the total cost less than twenty cents for the meal!

CHAPTER XXV

AFLOAT IN A RIKISHA

A FINE warm rain was drizzling from the gray sky at ten o'clock on the September morning when I was to start for Mito with the Swedish Consul and his wife, but out in Japan we were too accustomed to 'fine weather for ducks' to mind that, so I put on my trusty felt hat and my burberry and climbed into the car when it appeared, laden like a gypsy caravan with bags, rugs, luncheon hampers, and spare tires, for we did not expect to see a garage again after we left Yokohama.

Out of the narrow city streets we sped, and turned into the old Tokaido road that leads to Miyanoshita. At Odawara, the road leaves the seashore, picturesque with creaming breakers, rich men's bessos (country villas), and bronzed fishermen in sampans. No more of the flat plains, checkered with rice paddies, where men and women toiled in cheap but efficacious raincoats of bundles of straw tied about the neck and waist with strings of twisted straw. Instead, we twisted and turned under dripping trees, following the course of a tumbling mountain stream, high and higher.

Twelve o'clock found us near a wayside inn, and

we alighted for lunch, which was a damp and dismal affair. Our room at the back of the house, with shoji pushed back to admit the dull light, overhung a cliff above the river, and the trees on the narrow ledge rustled in the rising wind, wafting raindrops in on us and our sandwiches.

'That wind is getting awfully strong,' murmured the Swedish lady.

'I didn't tell you before, for fear you would not want to start, but the typhoon signals are hoisted on the water-front at Yokohama,' confessed the Consul.

We scored him indignantly for his deception, but it was no use turning back; he had won his point, for we were already halfway to Mito; but the latter half of that journey was a perilous undertaking that haunts me in nightmares still.

Up, up over the slippery dirt roads the great car climbed till it reached the pass, and we breathed a sigh of relief, for the rest of the road on the other side was a military highway and presumably well kept up. We were disappointed in our expectations, however, for two weeks before the autumn army maneuvers had taken place, great companies of infantry and cavalry, long trains of supplies, and innumerable pieces of heavy artillery had passed over the road, and this day, in the rain, it was a treacherous quagmire, mud two feet deep, 'shell holes' scat-

tered till it looked like a news photo of 'Somewhere in France.' Picture such a road winding like a corkscrew down a five-mile descent of thousands of feet, with hairpin turns where the road looked down a sheer drop and no fences protected our slithering progress! Once the car skidded on such a turn, and the earth gave way under one rear wheel. For an instant we thought we were surely going backward over the precipice, but the car leaped forward and we were safe till the next turn. It was not a comfortable feeling.

Eventually, with ragged nerves, we reached the large city of Numadzu and passed through its drab streets of godowns and Japanese houses, to the last lap of our journey, which lay along the shore of the Idzu Peninsula.

Along the peninsula rises a chain of low mountains whose slopes descend almost vertically to slip into the blue water, so that the road is cut on the very edge of the water, and often tunnels lead through outlying spurs that form bold cliffs on the shore. However, its levelness relieved us after our dangerous descent of the afternoon, and securely buttoned in against the heavy rain and strong gusts of wind which now proclaimed the typhoon near, we sped along and arrived at the hotel in Mito at five o'clock in time for tea.

Tea, hot baths, delicious dinner of German cooking prepared us for early bedtime, for we were sore in every joint and muscle after the bumpy ride in the damp air. German cooking might seem out of place in Japan, but the hotel had been founded by a German married to a Japanese woman who conducted the hotel alone, now that her spouse had returned to fight for the Fatherland. The hotel was as hybrid as the marriage. The parlor and dining-room were furnished with bright plush chairs, an antiquated piano, and several plush-bound albums of views of scenery; the bedrooms boasted real beds and bureaus; but upstairs the walls were sliding panels of glass-set shoji, the floors covered with tatami; and the bathroom had a large wooden tub à la Japonaise.

The typhoon descended upon us furiously; all night the trees on the mountain-side behind the hotel groaned and crashed as branches were torn off; the waves pounded on the beach across the narrow street; the rain soaked through the roof and dripped dismally on our beds, and the wind howled like a banshee.

In the morning the wind had abated, but the rain fell steadily for another twenty-four hours. News came that the road back to Numadzu had been washed away in several spots, and the chauffeur re-

ported that the car, which had been stored some distance off in a large godown, was marooned by the floods that had inundated the low country.

We played three-handed bridge for twelve mortal hours, and yawned ourselves into bed for the second night.

I woke early the next morning to find the sun shining once more, the world washed clean. The Swedish Consul and his lady were reported still asleep, and I knew that they were no early risers, so I set out for a little walk by myself. Most of the road on the shore was under water, but I spied a rikisha pulled up beneath the eaves of one house, and routed out the kurumaya. It was the only rikisha in the village, for the inhabitants of Mito are a sturdy breed who save their pennies by using their own brown strong legs, so I congratulated myself on being the early bird that got the vehicle.

A thin film of mud spread over the road that zigzagged up the mountain, but the slope was easy, turnings frequent, and the kurumaya, digging his bare toes in, tugged me steadily upward, for I wanted to climb high enough to have a good view of Fuji over across the sea. When we reached the top of the long climb, the landscape in the valley beyond entranced me so that I forgot Fuji, the Swedish consular couple, and our waiting breakfast.

Conversation with the kurumaya elicited the fact that at the other end of the valley was a tunnel that led back through the mountain onto the Mito road, and nothing would content me but to make the circuit through that smiling valley. The kurumaya, nothing loath to earn extra fare, said nothing to dissuade me from the mad project, and down we started.

The hill on this side was even steeper than the ascent, and equally slippery. After a few yards, gravity had the upper hand, and the kurumaya was bounding like a rabbit between the shafts while the wheels spun round madly, and I gripped the arms wondering how soon he would go down on his face and leave me to coast down a mountain in a runaway rikisha. Suddenly, around a bend, we saw the floor of the valley close at hand, and what had looked like brown earth from the top, now disclosed itself to be a sheet of muddy brown water. The whole valley was flooded!

There was no stopping the momentum of the rikisha until it had plunged up to the hubs in water that lapped around the waist of the kurumaya.

'Turn around and climb back up,' I bade him.

He tried manfully, several times; to no avail. The road was so muddy, the wheels so slippery, that it was impossible to go back, and he finally suggested

that it would be best to go forward to the upper end of the valley which being higher would give us access to the tunnel.

Feeling his way with his bare feet, slipping at times from the road into the lower level of erstwhile rice paddies, he crawled gingerly forward. The water in some places crept up over the floor of the rikisha, till I curled my feet up to sit like a Turk in the seat looking out over the flooded country.

Occasional pedestrians, walking naked in the water with their clothing in a bundle on a stick over their shoulder, waved cheery greetings. Adorable little naked brown boys, neatly fitted into their mothers' wooden washtubs, paddled about with shouts of glee, propelling themselves with their hands, splashing and ducking one another.

In the wayside houses, women-folk, with kimono kilted high over shapely brown legs were very busy spreading soaked quilts and clothing to dry on roof or trees. The forlorn chickens perched on the thatches, ruffling their wet feathers in the sun, and picking at the straw for geji-geji and other high-roosting insects ordinarily out of hungry fowls' reach.

For three mortal hours my kurumaya felt his way through the water dragging me behind him; and then of a sudden, he disappeared bodily. The rikisha

tilted backward; but just as I was wondering how one did a dive from a cross-legged position, up bobbed my man sputtering, his face festooned with dripping weeds and mud, and, grasping the shafts, brought me back on equilibrium again.

'Shigata ga nai!' he remarked — no Japanese could resist getting that phrase off at any time, under any circumstances. 'The Oku San will have to stay in this valley until the waters go down. We cannot go back — we cannot go forward. Here we must stay.'

'Shigata ga nai' is all very well for a Japanese who has been brought up on a Buddhist doctrine of resignation, but it does not set well on a Yankee disposition.

'We cannot stay here,' I told him crisply. 'We have no food; you know the people in the houses told us they had not enough food themselves. Moreover, my friends will be anxious. You must find a boat — or, if necessary, we can buy a tub and ferry ourselves to the tunnel!'

Shouts in the distance attracted our attention. On a near-by island stood several Japanese calling us to take refuge in their farmhouse built on a little eminence in a grove of trees. Two of them plunged through the water to aid the weary kurumaya in drawing me near enough to make a leap into the

house, and the farmer himself invited us to share their noonday meal of rice and tea.

The hospitable spirit was delightful — in retrospect, I find it a pleasant memory, but the actuality had many drawbacks.

We sat on damp tatami; damp wood smoked furiously in the open hearth in the center of the room, but the dampness did not discourage the hordes of fleas that jumped rapturously at my silk-stockinged ankles, nor could the smoky atmosphere hide the scalps crusted with eczema of the numerous children who clustered around me with naïve curiosity. A night spent marooned there was an intolerable prospect; and I impressed upon my kurumaya more forcibly than ever that he must get me home.

They were all kind, anxious to be helpful — I have yet to see Japanese fail to respond to a courteous request. Presently some one thought of a neighbor up the valley who had built a boat in the last flood and perhaps still had it.

Promptly a youth slipped off his kimono and plunged off into the flood to inquire, and in half an hour came back triumphantly in the prow of a crude flat-bottomed skiff.

It was a tricky job to load the rikisha into it, but the kurumaya insisted that he must accompany me, and, drawing me to one side, whispered darkly that

the man who owned the boat was a villain who might murder me for my money. Personally, I think that was a libel intended to insure transportation for the rikisha to save the man from dragging it back to Mito, but it was no time to gamble on my judgment of character. If I offended the rikisha-man, in all probability the rest would side with him and I would have no boat.

Finally the rikisha was maneuvered on board, chocked up with logs to keep it from rolling, the kurumaya crouched beside it, I sat in the bow and the owner of the boat stood in the stern with a twenty-foot pole to punt us along. With every thrust, the boat careened and the rikisha rolled, in imminent danger of capsizing us into the muddy water, while little boys in tubs crowded around to cheer us on for forty minutes as we passed above rice-fields and gardens till we reached the farther end of the valley.

There, sure enough, was the mouth of the tunnel at the head of the half-submerged road. They made a skillful landing of the rikisha and carried me in their arms to place me in it on dry land.

The alleged highwayman modestly demanded two yen, forty sen ($1.20) for the trip, and I saw him out of the corner of my eye handing a commission out of it to my bold protector, the kurumaya.

'Sayonara — mata irrasshai' (Good-bye — come again) chorused the juvenile flotilla in tubs, catching deftly the coppers I tossed at them as we disappeared into the dark tunnel, hewed out of solid rock.

The seaward slope of the mountain on which we presently emerged was terraced and planted with orange trees — the little thin-skinned mandarin oranges that the Japanese call 'mikan' — and, as we zigzagged down through them, far away in the tender blue of the late afternoon light, I saw Fuji floating among pearly clouds not half so white as the glistening cone of snow.

Down below, as we traveled up the shore road toward the hotel, the fishermen were out on the beach looking over their nets preparatory to the night's haul, and in the wooden bathtubs in front of the houses, soaked the grandmothers — the O Baa San — cheerily calling back and forth to one another the news of the day.

It had been an interesting experience, but I felt thoroughly ashamed when I reached the hotel and found how anxious my friends had been, though I knew quite well that only by departing surreptitiously could I have enjoyed such a thrilling adventure in the flood-swept country, for, if I had mentioned it to the Swedish Consul, his sage commonsense would have demonstrated the folly of such an expedition.

CHAPTER XXVI

ADOPTING A MOTHER-IN-LAW

OUR house at Honmoku, like all the other houses of the village, had electric light and running cold water, with a Japanese bathtub made of wood, four feet long, three wide, and four deep. It had a tight-fitting cover and an iron stove at one end, mercifully hedged off from bare feet by a wooden grating; after the tub was filled with cold water and the stove with ignited charcoal, the cover was put on and in a couple of hours the water reached the boiling point.

Our servants, of course, went every evening to the public bathhouse, but, as there were three babies, Dana San, and myself, and as life is not supportable in Japan unless one has a hot bath once at least, sometimes twice a day, our tub was perpetually being heated, used, and renewed.

Oddly enough, it was our bathtub which gained us admittance to the good graces of the villagers. We moved down in January when the weather was bitterly cold, and that winter we had had a light fall of snow, which was rather unusual. One morning, just as we were getting up at eight o'clock, which was

PLAYING CARDS

STREET JUGGLERS AT NEW YEAR'S

three hours after the rest of the village was astir, Toku San summoned me in kimono to see a caller.

At the door stood a tiny Japanese woman, rosy-cheeked, with snapping black eyes, scanty gray hair and the commanding manner of a Napoleon. Behind her my garden seemed filled with brawny fishermen, barelegged, but wrapped in short wadded coats of blue burlap, gabbling in excited tones that suggested either a fire or a riot.

'Oku San,' said O Baa San, plunging straight to the heart of the matter, 'my son-in-law was capsized in his sampan. Having been long in the cold water, the bathhouse being in process of cleaning, I am desirous of putting my son-in-law in your bath.'

Two fishermen, with bobs and bows and muttered apologies, carried the poor fellow in and immersed him in my scalding bath. An hour later, O Baa San brought him dry clothes and led him home quite restored.

It was a very small thing to have done on our part, but, as things turned out, it helped me in a grave emergency which developed a fortnight later, when a series of misfortunes broke out in the house. First, the cook was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism, retiring to his father's house, and when I came to take his place at preparing the family meals I did not wonder he had been smitten.

Our kitchen was a lean-to shed with no wall at either end; the cooking was done over a row of charcoal brasiers set on the ground, and, as I knelt in front of them stirring soup, the icy January gales whistled through till my teeth chattered. Each morning I walked a mile each way to the end of the tram-line to do the marketing, carving my steaks and chops myself from carcasses with the hide still on.

The day after Cook San went home, the baby amah, Haru San, complained of sore throat, so I isolated her in her tiny room and sent for the doctor. He assured me it was nothing but tonsillitis, recommending that I paint her throat with a disinfectant, but, as it seemed to me I had never seen such a bad throat as poor Haru San's, I asked him point-blank if he thought it might be diphtheria, telling him I would send the girl to a hospital and pay her bills in that case. Yet he insisted it was nothing but a slight tonsillitis.

The next few days were a nightmare of unaccustomed tasks and inconvenient facilities. Shivering in the outdoor kitchen, or tending feverish Haru San, I was conscious that I felt rather ill myself. Suddenly something overwhelmed me; I could not move, I could not breathe; my throat seemed paralyzed.

The American surgeon came post-haste, and in an

hour he had grimly packed me off to the isolation ward at the hospital, suffering with diphtheria, while Haru San was sent to a Japanese hospital. Vainly I tried to remonstrate that I *could not* go; that I must stay home to look after the babies. It was six weeks before I returned.

With Cook San, Haru San, and me thus summarily removed, the only servant left to look after the house, care for the three babies, and feed Dana San was eighteen-year-old Toku San, a willing, cheerful little country girl. Just before we moved down to Honmoku, Toku San had been married amid many tears (for she was in love with the grocer's boy) to a bald old man of sixty-five who was cook in another foreign house. Toku San he left with us, thriftily collecting her wages, and moved his bag and baggage down to live with her in our servant quarters. Of course, it had to be while I was in the hospital that the old devil came home drunk one night and began to beat Toku San. Her screams aroused Dana San, who went down with a revolver thinking a burglar was causing the disturbance. The old cook was much disgruntled at American interference in his domestic affairs, and the next morning forced Toku San to accompany him elsewhere under threat of divorcing her, if she refused, thus disgracing her for life.

Dana San's chivalry was ill-repaid, for he was now left with a house and three babies on his hands and no servant at all.

O Baa San in some way heard of the affair (I have a suspicion she was peering through the fence during the fracas, for she never missed any excitement in the village), and the next morning she turned the affairs of her own household over to her daughter-in-law, commandeered Ume San, her sixteen-year-old granddaughter, and moved into my house to take the helm, entirely on her own suggestion as far as I could find out subsequently.

Everything went like clockwork after that. The house shone like a new pin, the babies throve, Dana San was plied with all sorts of Japanese delicacies in the way of diet, and when I returned I found O Baa San capably sweeping the tatami with the youngest baby strapped on her back as contented as though he had been born a Japanese. Even my diamonds and odds and ends of jewelry, which in my hurried departure had been left on my dressing-table, were in their places, though they had been carefully dusted every day.

There could be no question of O Baa San moving back across the street; she adopted us all and, as long as we stayed in Honmoku, O Baa San ruled us body and soul. Her real name was Uchiyama Fuki, but

to every one in the village she was invariably 'O Baa San,' which means 'grandmother.'

She scolded the two girls by the hour in the kitchen, chivvying them around at their tasks; she strapped the baby on her back and trotted out for a walk in the sunshine with the two toddlers; she interviewed all my tradesmen and reprimanded me for extravagance; and even, to the horror of the young girls, took Dana San himself to task for opening a window which she thought would make a draught upon me, whom she coddled shamefully because I had been ill.

In fact O Baa San installed herself as the mother-in-law of our ménage, and in Japan the mother-in-law is supreme mistress of the household.

When I returned from the hospital to find that Dana San, wearied of a Japanese menu, had taken to eating at the Club in self-defense, Usui came to the rescue by sending a telegram to Tokyo with much ado and promising us mysteriously that all would be well in twenty-four hours; we should have a Number One Cook.

The next day he appeared triumphantly having in tow Shinzo, his nephew, who had been a book-keeper in Tokyo till Usui's telegram summoned him peremptorily to become our chef.

Tactfully I intimated that I feared he lacked experience in foreign cooking, but Usui insisted that

his nephew would soon be expert under such a talented teacher as Oku San, and, anyway, here he was, his job thrown to the winds for our sake; what was to be done?

For once I murmured 'Shigata ga nai' myself as I took up the task of instructing Shinzo into culinary mysteries.

I do not like to be unfair to Shinzo, but having trained five other Japanese cooks with good success, I do not feel that I have to impute to my own limitations Shinzo's failure. He took readily to a white coat and cap, and with his ex-cavalryman's mustache was quite a striking figure, especially when, after receiving the day's orders, he drew himself up to salute me in military style. However, he was utterly incapable of remembering directions from one day to the next, and even when given a recipe written out in Japanese, could not follow it accurately.

At the end of three months, during which O Baa San had railed bitterly and constantly at him for flirting with the young amahs, I told him kindly that I felt sure he was an excellent book-keeper, so for the good of his profession I would release him to return to Tokyo, as he would never be able to cook well.

That was the only occasion on which I saw a Japanese lose his temper. Shinzo fairly swelled with rage, sputtering vehemently that I wronged him

grossly, but I reiterated relentlessly the damning judgment, telling him that he might leave at once since his manners were so bad. Upon that Shinzo remembered that he was a Japanese gentleman, and, mastering his fury with a mighty effort, saluted in ominous silence. I murmured sweet nothings about his great kindness in coming to my house and my regret that he must leave us. As he went out, he turned for a Parthian shot:

'Oku San will see shortly that her judgments are both unfounded and unjust.'

An hour later, he had moved to another foreign house as pupil of the cook there, paying him forty yen a month for instruction besides doing all the scullery work for the other cook, who was to make a chef of Shinzo.

What pride and obstinacy! Here was an excellent book-keeper spending his savings and slaving at menial tasks for the sole object of proving a foreign woman a liar!

After several months with the teacher-cook, that worthy informed Shinzo that he no longer had the heart to accept his money; the gods themselves could not make a cook out of Shinzo, he declared.

The last I heard of Shinzo, he had been discharged from his next place as cook to an English physician who swore that Shinzo had poisoned his soup. I

think the doctor wronged Shinzo; ignorance flavored that soup while the hand that stirred it was animated by the most potent and commendable of human motives — the desire to 'make good.'

Shinzo's place was filled by Ume San, O Baa San's granddaughter, who in three months picked up cooking admirably. Her corn fritters and fried chicken won the hearts of all the young foreign bachelors who dropped down to Honmoku on Sundays to swim and hang up a record of fourteen fritters at a sitting.

Ume San, always smiling, quick, deft, and willing, was a delightful sample of Japanese women. Obedient to her elders, well-versed and industrious in all household affairs at sixteen, she will make a perfect wife for some young fisherman, will become the mother of many children and the willing slave of the family; until at sixty, if the gods are good, she will become a mother-in-law in her own right and come into her glory like O Baa San.

Ume San's only recreation was to go each evening to the bathhouse, but once — a very special occasion, you understand — she plucked up audacity to ask permission, first from her grandmother and then from me, to get up at four o'clock in the morning to walk three miles to see the Crown Prince pass in an automobile.

Of course, Ume San, like the rest of us, enjoyed the visits of strolling peddlers who came with bamboo buckets of soapy fluid and little pipes of bamboo from which they blew endless rainbow bubbles; one sen a bowlful of the liquid with pipe thrown in. Or pilgrims in white with big hats and little bells who sold paper prayers and gratefully drank a cup of tea at the door while they told us of the miles they had traveled and the sights they had seen.

At New Year's came the firemen, looking for their New Year's present, with a ladder which they erected in the garden for the performance of astonishing tricks which would have made an acrobat's fortune, but were difficult to place in a fireman's profession.

Sometimes a blind masseuse strayed into our garden chanting her plaintive song: 'Amma kami shimo, ni hyaku mo' (Massage for the upper and lower body, two hundred mills — or two sen); and perhaps O Baa San would stretch her rheumatic limbs on the tatami to be kneaded by the supple fingers of the blind woman.

It was hard to send them away without some slight donation, for it was rumored that the blind men and women lived with hard masters who sent them out under strict injunction not to return until an adequate amount was earned. Certainly, whether

that was true or not, one might hear that plaintive chant at any hour of the day or night as the blind amma tapped their way about.

In midsummer came the o-matsuri, the festival of the local temple, when, because we donated five yen to the fund solicited among the householders of the village, the sacred car of the god was brought to our house. Faces flushed with sake, bronze limbs naked, dancing down the narrow street came the young men bearing on their shoulders a platform of four-inch logs on which rode the palanquin of the god shrouded in brocade and lacquer. They jostled through the gate to perform a series of spirited evolutions in the garden, singing with Bacchanalian enthusiasm some religious strain, till I sighed with relief when, the ceremony being over, they took their dangerous engine away from my frail paper walls.

O Baa San told me that in the country villages in the old days a man notorious as a usurer or criminal, or one who had refused a donation to the temple, was punished by the god who took control of his car himself when passing that house, and, entering into the young men, forced them to charge again and again until the bad man's house was demolished.

'Was it surely the god who did that, O Baa San?' I asked.

'Oh, without doubt, Oku San. Certainly you do not think that the young men would thus presume of themselves?' retorted the old woman shrewdly laying her finger beside her nose!

CHAPTER XXVII

A VANISHING VIRTUE OF JAPAN

DURING my first summer in Japan, Usui and I scoured the shops to find furnishings for the house we had taken on the Bluff. One day in a china shop on Benten dori, I saw some beautiful vases in the window and entered upon negotiations with the merchant to have a dinner service made up for me by the same artist.

'Yessu, Oku San; can do, but berry difficuru to make estimate on such artist work,' said the proprietor.

Mindful of the warnings from old residents not to allow shopkeepers to overcharge me, I insisted upon a written estimate before I would give the order. The suave dealer writhed and wriggled, but eventually gave in, furnishing me with a weird document in phonetic English in which it was set forth that the dinner set would cost me ninety yen and would be delivered in three months.

Shortly afterward, a kimono-ed boy wobbling precariously on a bicycle brought me the artist's sketches for the six designs to be used, exquisite miniature representations of famous Japanese historical legends.

Every detail of armor and costume was accurately portrayed; even the hair, which at first glance seemed a solid splash of black, on close examination showed as scores of fine brush strokes.

The three months of waiting having finally rolled by, I visited the shop to inquire about my dinner service; for three months longer I went two and three times a week to ask. Inevitably the shopkeeper smiled his alibi, 'Shigata ga nai,' and artfully sold me another set of china to use in the interim.

But when my longed-for dishes were finally delivered, they were well worth the months of waiting. Connoisseurs who came to dinner remonstrated at eating from them, declaring they should be in a museum; collectors of armor assured me the details were perfect; and eventually it was borne in upon me that I possessed a treasure of art made by the foremost living artist of Japan.

Thereupon I became greedy to secure more of his work while he yet lived. The baffling shopkeeper regretted politely that he could provide no more of the artist's work, but I secured the address and, calling a rikisha and interpreter, rode out into the country.

Saito Hodo's little cottage clung to a hilltop like a limpet on a rock with a terraced garden straggling

down the slope below. Over the tea, served by his wren-like little brown wife, through the interpreter I complimented Saito Hodo upon his work, asking him to do more for me.

Hodo was a bent little man with gold-bowed spectacles and a distant manner. He received my flattery with cold politeness and refused absolutely to consider another commission, though I had offered to let him set the price himself. Baffled and disappointed, on my return home I asked the interpreter the reason.

'Why, Hirose San, would Hodo not do the work? Is he so rich that he desires to cease from toil?'

'No, Oku San, Hodo is not a rich man; furthermore, he is an artist who desires always to work, to progress. He would not do the work for you because in the first instance you made a bargain with the agent that the price should not be more than ninety yen. Hodo told me that he worked six months, with great strain upon his spirit and tax upon his eyes, and the money he received was too little for his work.'

'But I told him to-day I would pay anything he asked.'

'Yes, Oku San, it is not the money.'

'Then tell me the reason, Hirose San.'

'I am very sorrowful to do so, Oku San; you will not like to hear it.'

'Never mind, tell me the truth, Hirose San.'

'Well, then, if you must know, Oku San, Hodo does not care to work for you because he thinks you a haggler, one who would put a price upon artistry which cannot be estimated in coin. The money is nothing. It is your spirit which grieves him.'

In the end, I drew out from Hirose San an explanation of the old philosophy of workmanship in Japan before Western nations brought their code of contracts, estimates, and 'firm offers' backed by courts of law.

In the old days, he said, the conception of labor bargaining with capital did not exist; instead, each party was bound by a code of honor which required the artisan to do his best at any task regardless of the time or labor involved, while it forbade the patron to haggle over the price of the finished work. If one ordered, for instance, a cabinet of gold lacquer, the workman toiled for months till he knew that he had accomplished his utmost; then he brought the cabinet to you with a modest statement based on his actual cost of living and materials during the time he had been engaged upon your commission; whereupon you, the patron, were expected to reimburse the artist for his time and materials, adding a reasonable profit and whatever largess your appreciation of the work dictated. Public opinion casti-

gated either the workman who charged too dearly or the patron who rewarded in a niggardly spirit.

Hirose told me that this spirit might still be found in the country among workmen who had not come in direct contact with the semi-European civilization of the treaty ports; but, when I quoted him at dinner tables on the Bluff, my fellow foreigners scoffed. Business men insisted that all Japanese were tricky, bent on defrauding foreigners; that one's only protection lay in securing written estimates or binding contracts; and foreign women, who ran their households with much vexation over the extortionate charges of butcher, baker, and tailor, agreed heartily with their husbands' verdicts.

I, however, believed Hirose, and, when we went down for the summer to the Honmoku house, I had an opportunity to see whether the Utopian dream really functioned. By that time, I spoke Japanese fairly fluently, so I could deal direct with workmen without the interference of an interpreter.

Our house was so near the shore that the ground was nothing but coarse gravel, which reflected the sun and held the heat unmercifully, so I suggested to Dana San that a garden would provide a welcome note of green. Accordingly he conferred with a firm of landscape gardeners, Japanese who sported an English letterhead and up-to-date ideals of business,

asking them for an estimate. One hundred yen was the sum they required; Dana San swore it was outrageous — we would have no garden.

It was all right for him to feel that way, for he was in the office daytimes, and home only in the cool evenings, but it seemed to me that I could not endure the heat and glare; I must have a garden if it took all my pin-money for a year; so I spoke to Gomiya San, receiving a beaming assurance that a garden should soon be forthcoming.

Now Gomiya San was a toothless, gray-headed old man of the village who went about in a scarlet loincloth and large straw hat carrying buckets of refuse to some distant oblivion. At home I should have called him 'the garbage-man,' but somehow I could not remember any garbage-man at home who had been such a friendly institution as Gomiya San.

He went to work immediately. In spite of his sixty-odd years and his regular chores about the village which could not be neglected, he made several trips a day from a bank of loam some two miles distant, trotting along cheerily under a wooden yoke from which dangled two flat baskets of fresh brown earth. Each time he passed the room where I sat, he would bob me a bow, and hail affably, 'Ii tenki desu, ne? Oku San?' (Nice weather, isn't it?) — or some similar greeting; and at the completion

of each trip he hied himself around to the kitchen where the cook had orders to give him a cup of tea and a salty sembei (biscuit) to gnaw at with his toothless old gums.

It took him a month, for he made a three-foot-wide border inside the fence that, with the house, made a square around our property, protecting it from violent typhoons and flying spray. One hundred and fifty feet long, three feet wide, two feet deep; — well, I leave it to some better mathematician to figure how many cubic feet of dirt the old man carried, and how many miles he jogged doing it! When the earth was all transported, he begged some bricks that had been left over from the typhoon wall on the north, and laid a border to prevent the earth from washing away; then, bringing a cumbrous mattock, worked over the soil till it was ready for planting.

One evening late in May the amah told me that Gomiya San would have speech with me in the garden.

'Mo dekimashita, Oku San,' he announced proudly. (All finished.)

'It is a beautiful garden, Gomiya San,' said I warmly. 'You have done a very fine job. Now tell me what I owe you.'

'Oku San, it is a very poor thing, this garden. I

HOW GOMIYA SAN CARRIED EARTH FOR MY GARDEN

JAPANESE PILGRIM BEGGING ALMS

am quite ashamed that I have done such inferior work; yet if the Oku San graciously inquires, the sum which is due my unworthy self is — nine yen.'

Nine yen for a month's work; for a garden which the Anglicized firm had asked one hundred yen to make! I told scoffers about it jubilantly as an example of the old style of workmanship; but they would not admit it was typical. Either I was a liar, or Gomiya San was senile and needed a conservator, they jeered!

But presently I had the chance to vindicate myself and Gomiya San from their laughing taunts, and prove that in Japan, as in some other places on the globe, one is apt to receive the same kind of treatment one dispenses; that honor is sometimes as powerful as a legal contract.

We began to feel cramped in our little house; another room was indubitably needed. Again Dana San, ignoring my success with Gomiya San, went to the carpenter with an interpreter, and spent much time explaining to him the theory of an estimate and the necessity of its being submitted before the order could be given.

Daiku San (the carpenter) protested that it was impossible to know, before the work was actually accomplished, how much lumber or how many workmen would be required, but in the end he gave in,

sending over a sheet of thin rice paper covered with black hen-tracks, which the interpreter translated as an estimate of three hundred yen for building a room onto our domicile. Dana San was almost apoplectic over this high estimate; he vowed that no room should be built if we all had to sleep out on the sand, or words to that effect.

A week or two I waited in diplomatic silence, then strolled down the village street one afternoon to Daiku San's house, which was a much more imposing structure than my own, for Daiku San was full of years and wealth and the respect of his neighbors.

'Konnichi wa,' (Good-day) I intoned, bending my head to step through the low wicket gate in the high, iron-studded fence around Daiku San's garden, and slipping off my shoes at the entrance to the house.

'Irrasshai!' (Welcome!) shrilled Daiku San's wife, coming swiftly to push me a silk cushion on her bended knees. She shuffled off to brew me a cup of tea and I could hear her from the kitchen adjuring Daiku San to hurry.

In such warm weather, the shoji throughout the house were pushed back, so I could see through to the garden in the rear where Daiku San, in a very airy costume, was holding a board firmly with his big toe while he drew a plane toward himself as

though preparing to cut off his leg at the thigh at every stroke. He dropped his work at his spouse's hail, came into the house, and went through the delicious comedy of attiring himself in a handsome black silk kimono not ten feet away from me, as oblivious of my presence as I was supposed to be of his; and arrived before me, bowing ceremoniously, at the same time as the tea-tray.

Skirting warily the subject of the estimate and Dana San's refusal to accept it, we discussed the weather, the catch of fish last night, and Daiku San's newest grandchild, which brought the conversation neatly to the subject in hand, for I had a new baby myself, and it was easy to introduce the question of crowded accommodations.

'Daiku San,' I said plaintively, 'I need a new room in my house badly; I have no place to put my new baby amah.'

'That is quite plain,' replied Daiku San sympathetically. 'On next Monday I will come with my men to build it.'

That was every word we exchanged about building the room. Daiku San brought his apprentices and stayed to oversee the work himself. Freed from the annoyance of an estimate, he entered into the spirit of the occasion admirably, inventing a new scheme which had not occurred to any of us hitherto,

of hitching the room onto the ground floor, which obviated raising the roof as first planned.

It was my part to supply the workmen with unlimited tea and dissemble my Occidental impatience when they knocked off work two or three times an hour for a whiff of their little pipes. The work being finished, I complimented Daiku San scrupulously upon its excellence while he modestly deprecated my praise; his men tidied up the litter of chips and shavings; and I heard no more of the matter for several months.

Then a bill in scrawling black ideographs was left at the door, which I handed with pardonable triumph to Dana San. The total cost of constructing the room, by Japanese procedure between Daiku San and me, was seventy-five yen!

This time there could be no question of scoffing; Dana San and I had each talked to the same man about the same work. His estimate delivered under Western conditions had been three hundred yen; his actual bill, when the work had been done according to his own ways, was just one quarter of that sum.

Daiku San's son will not do business in that fashion. He will wear a European business suit, write his letters on an American typewriter, and figure his costs and profits as smartly as a Yankee

trader; but I am very grateful to have had the privilege of knowing old Daiku San with his samurai code of simplicity, integrity, and pride in craftsmanship.

CHAPTER XXVIII

SAYONARA

THIS, then, is the record of my experience as an Immigrant in Japan. I have tried to draw a faithful picture of the first years when we were so pitifully isolated and insulated from the native life about us, missing opportunities to understand the Japanese, and, no doubt, giving them an impression of haughtiness, narrowness, and peculiarity in us, as representatives of foreign nations, that contributed little to an international understanding.

I feel personally that, for all our arrogance, the Japanese Government and people alike treated us in the main far more tolerantly and kindly than 'immigrants' are often received in Western lands.

I have tried to show, by tales such as that of the old man of Jimbohara, how frequently sheer ignorance leads to unfortunate misconceptions. Unquestionably, and with perfect justice, if he judges from that isolated instance, the old man of Jimbohara considers Americans an ill-bred insolent race. It is just such judgments on slight grounds which make

up the warp and woof of international prejudices and hatreds.

One evening in the beautiful Fujiya Hotel at Miyanoshita, an educated Japanese, graduate of Oxford, and widely traveled, said to me: 'Oh, yes, we will fight America some day, and when we do so, we will win. Why, last summer when I was traveling in America, my Pullman porter told me that, when we declare war on America, all the negroes in the South will revolt and join us!'

You see? He was making a snap judgment based on the casual remark of an unreliable, unrepresentative citizen of America, yet doubtless he has repeated it often with incalculable influence among his countrymen.

Even my loyal, faithful Usui, who proved his devotion to my family by years of unremitting service, had his mite of gossip to contribute. He was washing the windows in my room one day, in 1919, and noticed upon the wall the photographs of my family in army and navy uniforms.

'What service does Dana San belong to?' he asked.

I explained that Dana San was a pure civilian, which he could not comprehend at first, as he thought in his ignorance that America had conscription even as Japan.

'But if he is no kind of a soldier, what will he do in the war, Oku San?'

'What do you mean, Usui?'

'The war between America and Japan, Oku San.'

'When is that war coming?' I asked.

'Oh, in a couple of years. We talk about it at the bath nights. Every one knows that there will be war; that is why the price of rice has gone up so much. The Government is putting away quantities so that the soldiers will have enough to eat in America, for they don't have rice over there.'

This from Usui! I stared at him in amazement.

'Usui, do you mean that you would shoot me and the babies as enemies?'

'Oh, no, Oku San. We Japanese do not make war like the Germans. We would put you in an internement camp till we won the war. Of course we would win, for Japan has never been defeated in a war yet.'

You hear the same silly statements from Americans at home; war with Japan some day — America could lick Japan in a week. Statesmen in Washington and Tokyo are putting their heads together in wise plans for the future; the intelligent diplomats and military men of both nations recognize that a war would be absurd; the blue waters of the Pacific, let us hope, will be wide enough and deep enough to cool off the hot-headed utterances of both nationali-

ties before they strike a spark that can set off a conflagration.

Radio, 'movies,' cables, books, may do much in the future to increase international understanding and lessen international friction, but in the last analysis it is the 'immigrants' of each nation upon whom rests the responsibility of creating a friendly international feeling. Every Japanese who comes to America, every American who goes to Japan, is, in his small way, an ambassador from his country; from his personality and actions, the whole will be judged by the majority with whom he comes in contact.

It is pleasant to me to remember that on the day I sailed from Japan, my servants, who had known me best, seen me most intimately, day in, day out, were gathered on the wharf to say good-bye with every evidence of sincere regret.

On the hatoba confetti was flying, band playing, people thronging to see their friends off. In my cabin O Baa San knelt by me holding my hand.

'You have been like my own daughter,' she said brokenly, and hid her face behind her sleeve as the tears ran down her wrinkled cheeks.

The boat moved slowly from the pier; I saw Usui, Toku San, and Ume San waving to me and the babies; beside them stood O Baa San, her face still behind her sleeve.

A few months later, in the great earthquake, they tell me a tidal wave washed over Honmoku and the little houses near the beach. I wonder wistfully where O Baa San was on that day.

THE END